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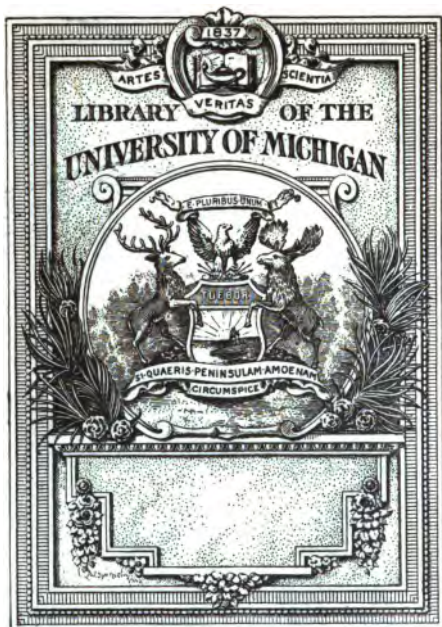
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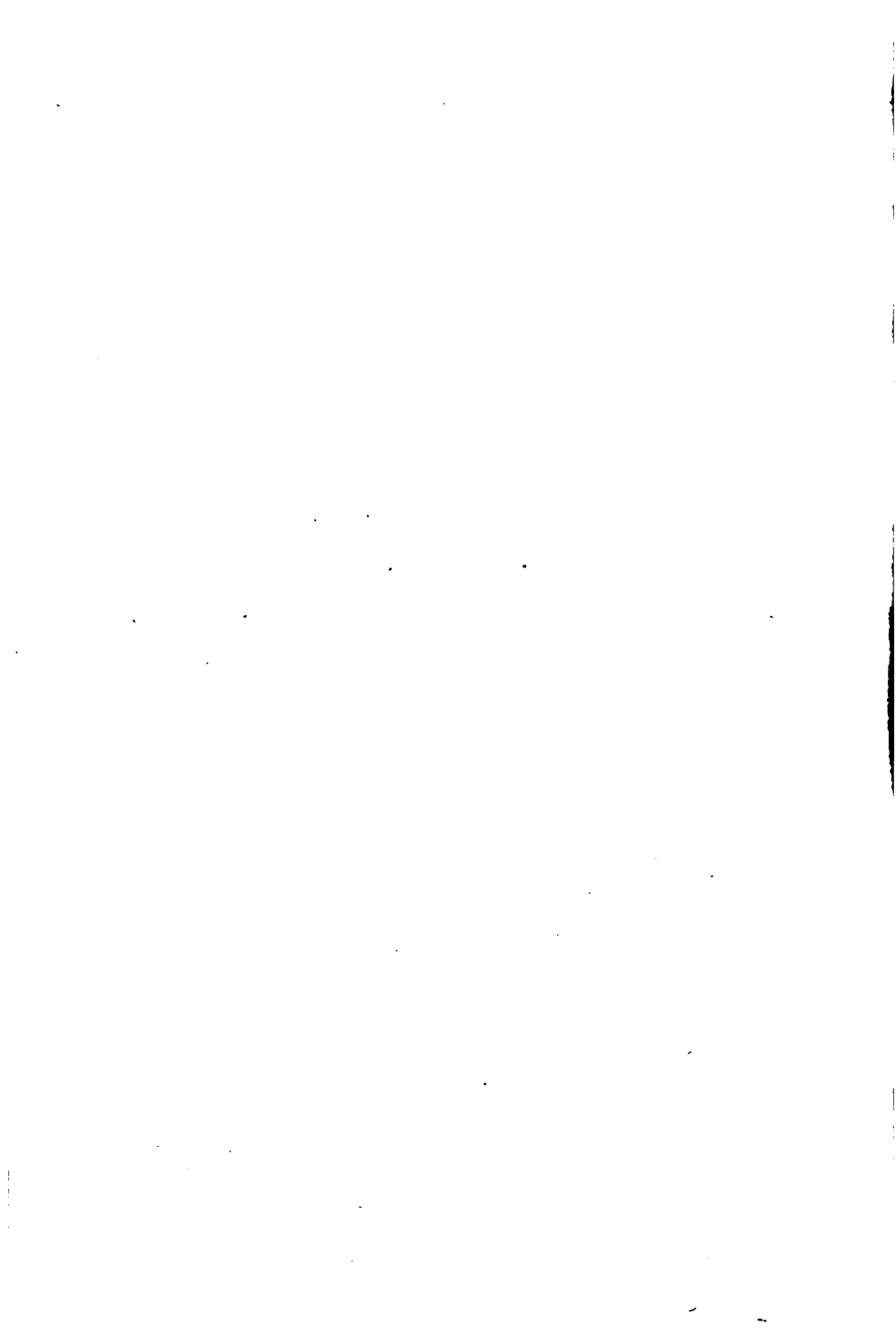
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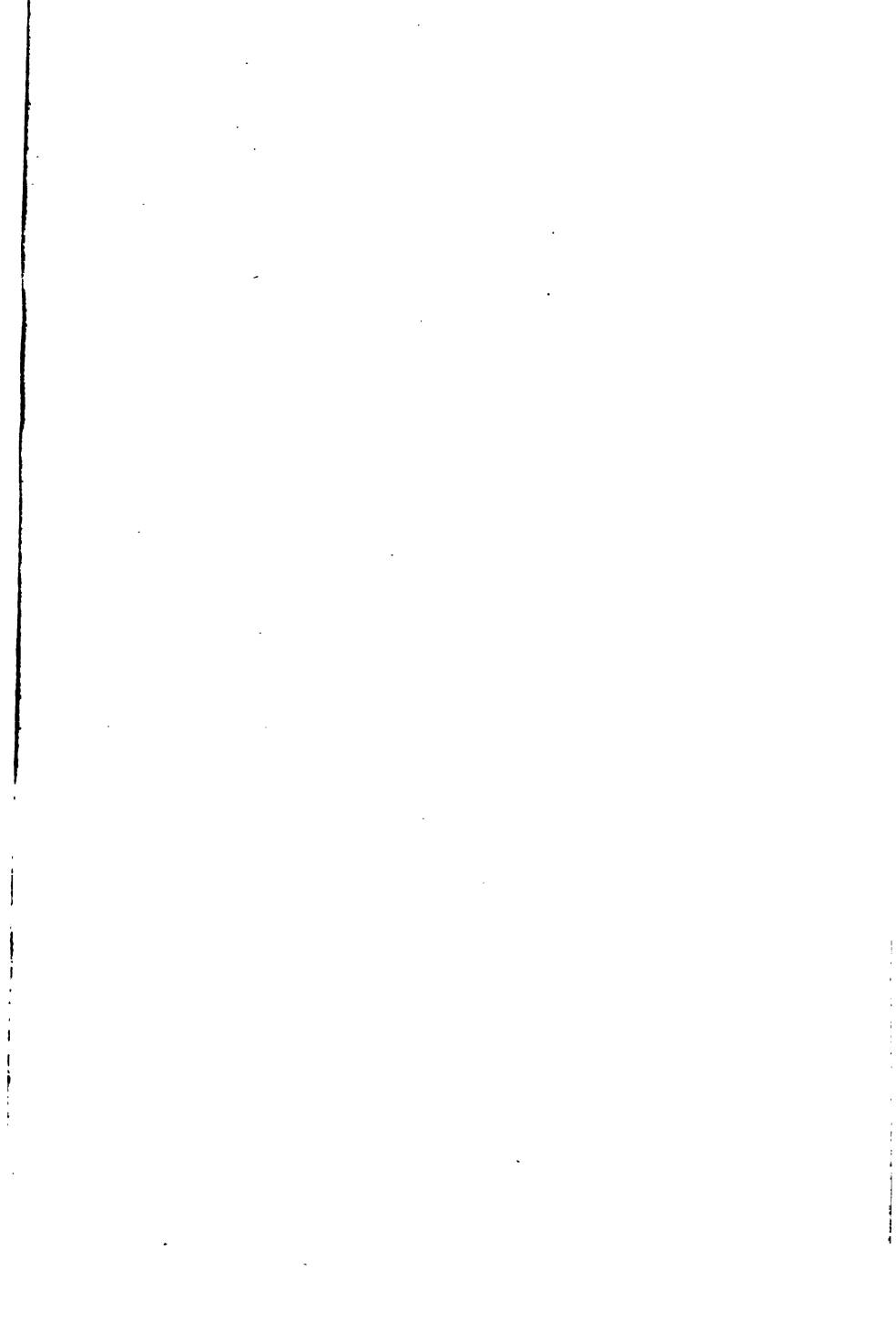
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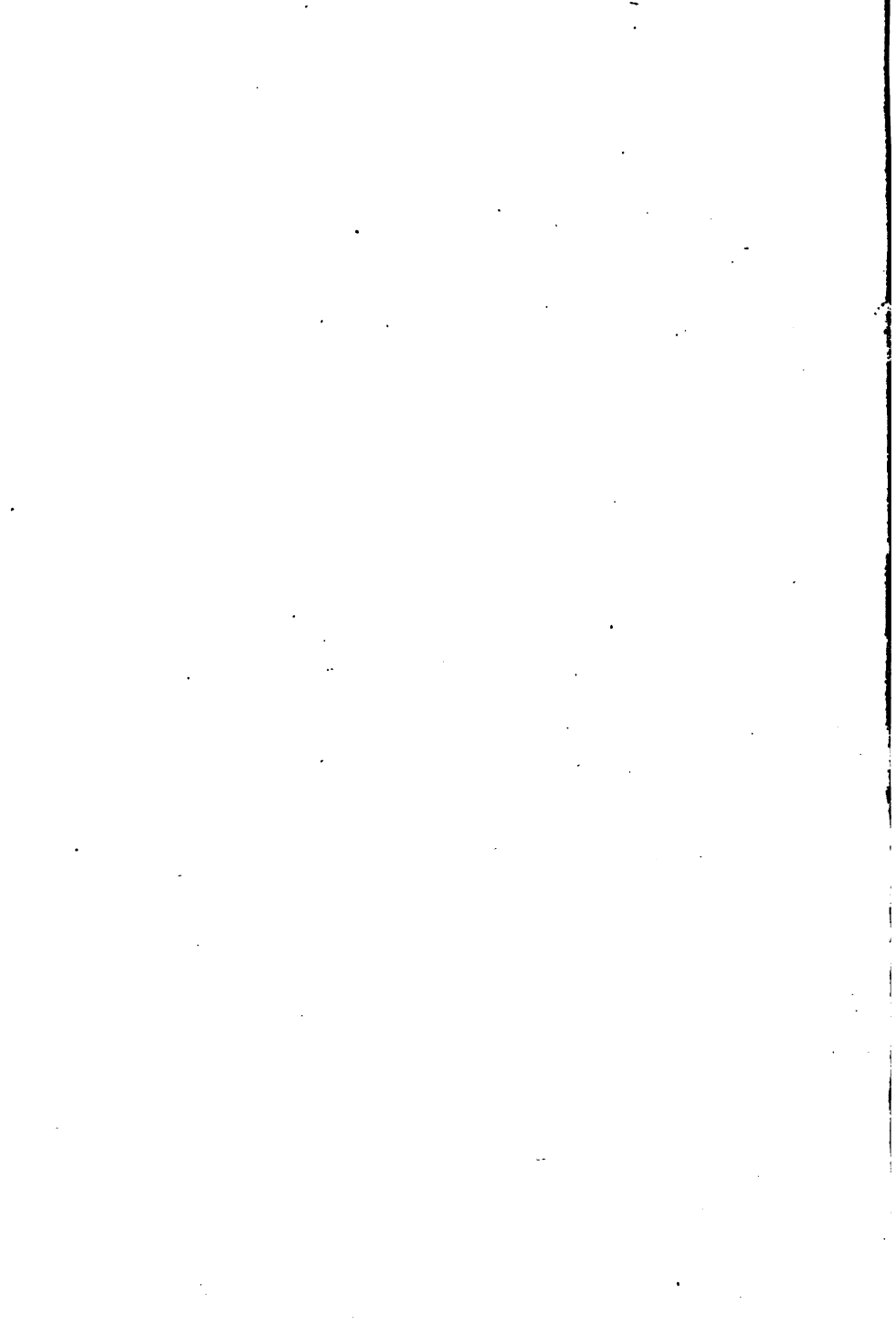


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A
Volume of
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by

Edwin Styles Metcalf.

Author of

**"A Treatise on Melody," "Olio of Isms and
Ologies," Etc.**

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0209a09E.S.
"O Reader! had you in your mind
Such stores as silent thought can bring,
O Gentle Reader! you would find
A Tale in everything."

* * * * *

"Dreams, books, are each a world; and books, we
know,
Are a substantial world, both pure and good;
Round these, with tendrils strong as flesh and
blood,
Our pastime and our happiness will grow."

—Wordsworth.



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VIRTUES,

AFFIRMATIVE AND NEGATIVE.

*What a piece of work is man! how
noble in reason! how infinite in faculty!*

—Shakespeare.

As a preliminary, we offer that man is certainly a curious, interesting, and wonderful being. It is easily seen that he is the highest form of known life. And it matters not whether he evolved from a monkey, as Darwin says he did, or whether he sprang into existence apart from and independent of all other forms of life, at the behest of an intelligent and Supreme Being.

Be that as it may, he is here in the possession of reason, reflection, memory, discrimination, ingenuity, and many other powers, with a dominant will to subdue, and, in a great measure, to control, adjust, and adapt to his pleasure and service any and all other

forms of life. He certainly is the highest exponent or manifestation of divine power, whatever that may be.

It is not necessary here to cite all that he has done, is doing, and probably will do. The sciences and the arts reflect his power. He has not only explored and investigated the outer world, but has explored and investigated himself, with the result that he finds himself a dual affair, with a head to reason and a heart to feel. Yes, he is a wonderful mixture of thought and feeling.

He has found himself to be the greatest of all wonders—a riddle to himself. He has also discovered that there are such things as right and wrong; that the one affords pleasure while the other yields wretchedness; that the one is better than the other. That order and peace are better than disorder and war. That there is such a thing as law in the physical world. That to be ignorant of this or to violate it is to be in trouble, while a knowledge of it with obedience and

adjustment to it brings comfort and makes life desirable.

Yes, he has done more. He has discovered that the appetites and passions of men are ever in conflict with one another and need to be regulated or restrained by established laws, even as the forces of nature.

In imitation thereof, and in his wisdom born of experience and observation, he has formulated standards, a set of rules, by which he may measure his conduct and thereby know when and how to act under different circumstances. So it is that there are standards of conduct, even as there are standards of weights and measures.

These standards or rules of conduct, man thought out and man made, vary in different places even as men differ in their opinions in respect to the justice or propriety of their acts.

Now a standard of conduct may be low or high. A low standard of conduct permits one to do many things without being cen-

sured or punished, whereas a high standard operates the reverse. A low standard of conduct or morals is easily complied with and interferes but little with one's natural liberties, while a high standard imposes on him restraints which deprive him of some of these. The more advanced a nation or community is in the arts and the sciences, and especially the more refined it is, the higher is its standard of morals, as may be observed in the standards of different nations or communities.

Now since conduct is practically action, let us briefly and in a general way consider some of the acts of human beings, especially those that relate to man as a member of civilized or organized society. As such it will be observed that he has duties to perform and restraints to suffer, according to his position, occupation, or circumstances. He must necessarily act, and in so doing must act according to the prescribed rules of the community or society of which he happens to

be a transient or permanent member, else suffer its censure or penalties.

But every act that one commits is not of such a nature or character as requires regulation, restriction, or prohibition. There are many acts that one is free to exercise even in the most advanced state of society, that are not properly subject to any civil or moral code of conduct. These are more or less harmless in their nature and may be classified as acts of propriety, since they either simply please or offend the wavering and fluctuating tastes of individuals, and are merely subject to what are known as rules of etiquette, designed to shape one's deportment or manners on different occasions.

So it happens that we have what are termed table, ball room, street, theatre, social, or church manners. These are but marks of civility, courtesy, politeness, or refinement, which may and frequently do serve to distinguish the crude and the rude from the more civil and refined.

The only penalty attached to the non-observance of any one of the rules governing this class of acts is either criticism, censure, or ostracism. Either one of these, however, is at times exceedingly painful and often more disastrous in its effects than the loss of things material.

The next and more important acts are those that involve not only the material interests and welfare of the individual acting, but also those of others who are or may be affected by his acts. This class embraces all those acts that men perform in their business relations with one another, and are subject to rules that have the force of law, and which if violated cause forfeitures and penalties more or less severe, according to the nature and character of the acts, the circumstances attending them, or the natural or usual consequences that are likely to flow from them.

We will not undertake to specify these acts and relations which should be better

known and observed by all men. They are considered and regulated in express terms by the civil and criminal laws of every community, besides being defined and enforced in its courts of justice. They may be regarded as standards or rules of conduct.

But we will not consider this matter further. The reader's attention has been sufficiently called to the fact that the life of man is one of action and relations, that whatever he does affects himself and others, either directly or indirectly, giving pleasure or pain.

Thus it is that acts have been classified as virtuous or vicious, according to their effects. Since an act must have an actor, he who performs such is regarded either as being virtuous or vicious, according to the nature, character, or effect of the act performed.

Now virtue in its most general sense is very extensive in its application; but as here used it is limited in its meaning, and refers simply to the habits, customs, or conduct of

human beings in their individual and collective life, and stands as the antithesis and opponent of vice.

Virtue, however, can and does exist in a potential, or passive state, as seen in many cases, although its best manifestations are to be observed in action. It is inclined to be utilitarian in its nature. It loves to act and loves to serve, not only the actor but others.

Now since one has a will, and may voluntarily refrain from practicing or acquiring a known vicious habit, or from doing or participating in a known vicious act; and, since he may do or participate in a known virtuous act or undertaking, it is apparent that there are what may be termed affirmative and negative virtues.

AFFIRMATIVE VIRTUES.

To make clear that which may seem somewhat obscure, let us more fully consider what the term virtue signifies. Thus far it has

been spoken of as though it were something real to the sense of sight, and existing by itself, capable of feeling and action. But virtue is not a concrete something, nor is it anything that can be abstracted or chemically separated from any material thing. But it is more than simply an idea of fancy set in a word and sometimes personified. Yet it is nothing that can manifest itself to any one of the five animal senses, as do physical things and their qualities or properties. So, then, if it has an existence, such is rather metaphysical in its character, and such it is. It belongs to what may be called the inner circle or group of senses, of which man is conscious, and which seems to feel and direct as to the right and wrong of things manifested in human acts.

This sense seems to preside over man's better nature and points—with reason and judgment—to what is good and best for him in a moral sense. It may be thought of as one of that group of finer senses, unseen, yet

inherent in the heart and mind of man, and emphatically distinct and superior in its character and operations to the five animal senses which report the outward conditions and relations of the visible world. Yes, in this group we find virtue, the moral sense of right and wrong, which, hand in hand with reason, administers justice and prompts benevolence.

MAN A FREE MORAL AGENT.

Now if there is one thing that is well settled, it is the fact that man is a free moral agent. It may be doubted or denied that there is a God; that the Bible was inspired; that Christ was more than a man; or, that there is a life beyond the grave; but that man by nature is free to choose what seems to him to be right, and to reject what appears to be wrong, and that he has a will power to act his choice, no one sane and of ordinary intelligence can logically deny. Were it otherwise man would be but a machine, set up to do solely the will of another, and being such,

could not be held accountable and responsible, as he now is, for his acts or conduct. Those who believe him to be a mere tool or machine rank with fatalists, entertaining and living with an idea that mere intuition contradicts, an idea that is degrading and demoralizing in its effects, like many other similar ideas that have appeared from time to time, but which, when properly examined and tested by experience, reason, and logic, are thrown aside as rubbish, being considered as but the dribblings of a disordered intellect.

Now we have said that what are termed moral virtues can and frequently do exist in a potential state; that is, temperance, veracity, justice, benevolence, etc., may be treasured in the heart or mind even as rain is held in the clouds, or as electricity may be at rest in a storage battery.

So virtue is not attributed simply to those who act, but also to those who possess it in a quiescent state. A mind or heart in such a state, entertaining feelings and thoughts of

veracity, justice, benevolence, and chastity, has affirmative virtues. Of such an one it can be said that he is morally virtuous, although only passively so.

But affirmative, quiescent virtues, although admirable and commendable, are as nothing when compared to the same in action. It is virtue in action that commands respect and applause. It is he who fights and wins on the field of temptation that merits and wears the wreath of moral approbation, not the recluse who fears contamination and the possible loss of his born innocence, and who takes refuge in some cloister that he may escape the conflicts and temptations of life.

Thus affirmative moral virtues are of two kinds, passive and active; and, as we have seen, are characterized by their effects. One may do nothing but eat, drink, sleep, move, and have his being, and yet, according to rule, be virtuous, simply retaining and preserving his native innocence. He is in this sense affirmatively virtuous, though of little or no value

to the world, save it be as a model of inactive excellence. Again one may act, do good and be right, to the satisfaction of some moral standard. So, then, the affirmative virtues consist in being morally good, or in so acting.

But this is not all. To merit the approval of virtue, one must be morally good and right from a desire so to be. His feelings, thoughts, and motives (especially the latter) must agree with virtue. And though these may lie hidden from the eye within the recesses of the heart and mind, even as the roots of a plant lie concealed beneath the surface of the soil, yet they are counted as the real source of moral goodness; since they precede and start into life acts or deeds intended to serve their purpose and indicate their character; just as the rose and the thistle show the nature of the seeds from which they spring into the full light of day.

It is thus that we reason from the known to the unknown. We see the act or deed, and from its character judge of its motive. Yet

if the purpose of the act is good, though its consequences may be unforeseen and evil, the actor is virtuous, for such were his intentions. But if the purpose of the act is vicious, then the actor is so, though the result of the act is good. Thus it is that virtue, in the last analysis, is found to be synonymous with good intentions or soul impulses.

NEGATIVE VIRTUES.

As we have seen, affirmative virtues are of two kinds, the one passive or egoistic, the other active or altruistic. The one acts for the ego alone, the other for the alter. The one looks first, last, and all the time, after the interests, pleasures, and happiness of the self; the other extends beyond the self, and is active and on the alert for the good of others. In the former, we see that one of the cardinal virtues, namely, justice, is feeble and slow to act, and that benevolence (the most sublime of all the cardinal virtues) is absent or wholly lacking. In the other kind, we see that jus-

tice and benevolence sway and move the heart, neglect the ego, and, moved by the divine spirit of brotherly love, seek to promote the good of all. Yes, so broad and extensive in their operations and effects are these two named virtues, that they may be said to form the basis of all moral right, and to stand as the antithesis of all moral wrong.

It will be observed, however, that a negative virtue is not so easily defined. It is much easier and more natural to say what a thing is than to say what it is not; because we see the one and not the other; besides, it is what a thing is rather than what it is not, that interests us.

Life, with all its beautiful activities and possibilities, excites us and appeals to us in the affirmative. It is the live tree, laden with rich ripe fruit, that attracts one's attention, rather than the one that is dead or fruitless. The bleak and barren waste has no charm for us; it is the verdant and sweet scented vales, hill-sides and mountains, whose

beauties and blessings we see, enjoy and affirm, that attract us.

Still, moral, negative virtues do exist, with their relative and comparative values. They are generally found in those who refrain from being or doing the things that virtue condemns, and that vice approves. These, like the affirmative virtues, are of two kinds. The first are nearly egoistic in their character, since they tend to preserve and promote whatever there is of good in the individual possessing them, and are termed his personal habits. Such a person refrains from acquiring a certain class of habits, withstands temptation, and thus triumphs over vice. So far, he is a negative virtue, in that he has not the vicious habits that virtue condemns.

The second class of negative virtues are vices known to him as such, but from which he stands aloof and refuses to practice with others; as, for instance, the vices of gambling, drinking, stealing, swindling, etc.

As already stated, such are his negative

virtues, since he does not practice them but voluntarily resists them. Were he to practice them they would be some of his affirmative vices, but since he does not, he is said to have so many negative virtues; that is, the virtue of not doing what is known to him to be vicious.

We will not undertake to mention in detail all the negative virtues, even though it were possible, but will simply add that those who curb their passions and appetites to within the bounds of reason, and who, when tempted, refrain from knowingly committing acts of injustice towards themselves or any of their fellow beings, either individually, or in conjunction with others, may, so far, be said to have negative virtues.

So, then, it is the moral wrongs that men and women refrain from doing, that mark them as having negative virtues, while, on the other hand, it is what they do or are instrumental in having others do, that is good and just either to themselves or others, that en-

titles them to the credit of being counted as having affirmative virtues.

However, there are no saints on earth. Christ alone had all the affirmative and negative virtues. In Him alone we find the perfect model of moral excellence. He was certainly the spirit of virtue personified. Most men and women have some affirmative, and some negative virtues, and, between the two, one or more vices. In some, the affirmative seems to predominate and actuate; in others, the negative; while, still in others, there is a mixture of the two. The man or woman possessed of the greatest number of affirmative and negative virtues, occupies the place of honor at the banquet of moral excellence.

But it may be asked, how is one to know the right from the wrong? Is there such a thing as absolute right, the antithesis of wrong? If there is such a thing in morals, it would seem that there should be but one standard of moral conduct, to which all men could and would of necessity subscribe; that instead of

ethics or morality being as it is, the art of conduct, it should be the science of such.

No, there is no such thing as absolute right in ethics; consequently, ethics is not a science in the sense of being supported by uniform and unvarying laws or principles like those in physics; and yet, it approximates a science, since the rules and the reasons that it gives for human conduct are founded upon principles deduced from the nature of man and things.

So, then, if it is not absolute in its nature, it must be relative, and such it is. It takes the ego—the self, and the alter—the other, to make morality or moral conduct. It is the ethical relation that these bear to each other that forms the basis of ethics, the ground work of right and wrong.

It is evident, for instance, that one cannot tell himself a falsehood; or, strictly speaking, be morally unjust or benevolent to himself. If he were alone upon the earth, there could be no such thing as moral con-

duct; for his relations then would be simply with the brutes of the field.

Thus, it takes at least two separate and distinct persons, having different tastes, views, inclinations, conflicting interests or relations, to form moral conduct. If A would be benevolent or just, B must exist as an object of A's benevolence. Again, if A would tell the truth, B must exist to hear it. There must not only be the ego, but there must also be the alter, otherwise there can be no altruistic principle.

It is interesting to note the different views of ethical writers upon the various topics herein touched upon; nay, profitable to note and study the reasons they advance; and especially the principles that they deduce as the groundwork of their theories or systems. Our public libraries contain copies of their works which show the consonant and dissonant views of such masterful Greek minds as Socrates, Plato, and Aristotle, and others who have sought to discover what is called virtue, or right and wrong

in human conduct, and the natural principles or ground-work of such; and having, as they assert, found such, have formulated rules or standards as guides or measurements of right in action. Let us briefly note some of these.

Socrates (about 450 B. C.) maintains that virtue is but wisdom in action; that right is certain and as much a science as the truth, in fact the same; that it has its foundation, its birth and abiding place, in the nature of man, and not in the mere opinions of men, however intellectually great they may be; since they are prone to err, and their opinions, as experience teaches, are liable to be influenced by their appetites, passions, or prejudices; and who, "may know the right and keep it too," "may hate the wrong, yet the wrong pursue."

True it is, that nature, never subject to such influences, stands forever the same, fixed, determined, and unchangeable in her laws and purposes as well as in her phenomena or manifestations. That she has no ambitions, vanities, nor jealousies, to gratify, is

what she is and seeks to be nothing else. She, and she alone, in all her departments furnishes and teaches the truth to those who seek it.

Therefore it is that the true philosopher ever seeks to find in the nature of man some general fact or principle upon which to ground or base his theory or system, knowing that if so founded it will and must stand up against any and all assaults that doubt, denial, or sophistry may bring. He knows that when his theory or system is brought before the tribunal of enlightened thought, reflection and reason, the truth of such will not depend upon mere opinion, but can be traced to nature, and there found to be rooted and eternally fixed in the absolute, the unconditioned, ready to affirm his conclusions. Thus perceived the astute mind of Socrates.

Plato, a pupil of Socrates, and more metaphysical in his nature, finds the ground-work of his ethical virtue in the contemplation of the true, the good, and the beautiful. With him virtue and right exist in thought and

lofty ideals, which are to be obtained, preserved, and promoted, by setting one's mind upon such and contemplating them.

It would seem that both of these great philosophers, master and pupil, were right, having had the same end in view, namely, the right road to pleasure and true happiness. It is easily seen, however, that the philosophy of Plato, finding virtue in thought alone, rather than in thought and action, tends to lead to the cloister rather than to the field of duty and action.

Aristotle, a pupil of Plato, in his ethics makes morality an *active* rather than a passive virtue. He finds it in *doing* rather than in knowing. Nor does he forget that the passions and the affections are important factors in the scale of human conduct, and that they should be under the control of reason. Virtue with him is a mean between two extremes, it is moderation in all things.

While these famous philosophers of historic Athens have given the world the results

of their keen observations and speculations on the topics above specified, others, of their day and since, have made the same topics, ever alive and of deep practical importance to man, a matter of serious and scientific study, forming theories or systems which agree and disagree in some respects with the ideas evolved by those great philosophers; and especially so as to the ground and the true end of virtue, or the right in action. So we find the Stoics at Athens and elsewhere teaching that virtue consists in a profound indifference to pain and pleasure; thus making indifference and apathy a virtue.

Again, we find the Epicureans teaching that *pleasure* is the chief good, the real object of life, the test of what is proper in action, and proclaiming that there is no immutable law of right and wrong.

Again, coming down to the time of Cromwell, we find Thomas Hobbes, in his *Leviathan*, teaching that there is no natural distinction between right and wrong, and therein laying down the principle that might makes

right, and that conscience is only fear; that virtue is obedience to the powers that be.

Others we find teaching that virtue is the art of living well and happy.

Again, others holding that virtue and right is conformity with the nature of things.

Then again, others holding and teaching the idea that the principle of right is the greatest good to the greatest number.

With Kant, the great German philosopher, virtue is obedience to the law of duty enjoined by the will against the allurements of all outward and sensuous influences.

And thus we find, from the days of Socrates to the present time, men differing and disputing as to what is ethical virtue, and what is right and wrong, and seeking to promulgate and establish their ideas and beliefs concerning such.

But is there no moral pulsating principle or rule denoting the very essence of moral virtue and right, and which, like an axiom in mathematics, is intuitively true in ethics?

One that the universal heart approves and to which reason and logic willingly give assent? Is there not some such rule, infallible in itself, and yet so simple and easy of application that even the most ignorant can apply it with unerring certainty? Is there not some rule that truly measures moral conduct and that stands as a true and eternal base, or as a beacon light in the ocean of ethics, indicating the true and proper course of action among the conflicting appetites and passions of men?

Yes, there is such a rule, which is as true and reliable as the beautiful sun that swings in the blue vault of heaven like an angel's lamp. Nor does it require a Socrates, a Plato, nor an Aristotle to explain it. It is a rule which, if all would but follow, this earth would be well-nigh a paradise. You know the rule—Christ in his Sermon on the Mount taught it—it is the Golden Rule.

This rule, "Whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them," is

most aptly and beautifully named—The Golden Rule. Virtue is proud of it, and reason readily assents to it. Justice and benevolence, the two principal cardinal virtues, could wish for no better advocate. And if we add to it the wise injunction of Shakespeare, "This to thine ownself be true, and it must follow as the night the day, thou cans't not then be false to any man," it would seem that nothing more were wanting to make the law of personal and social ethics complete.

HE—THE GOD—WITH NAME OF FATE.

I was dreaming, so I'm thinking, dreaming,
what I now relate,
And thus dreaming, wandering, peering—
'twas I met the god of Fate.
Well I knew him, when I saw him—by his
trappings and his gait,
Well I knew his name, his calling, sure I
was his name was Fate.

Of't I'd read of him in story, of his power
that mortals prate,
And I trembled thus to meet him at an hour
both dark and late,
On his trail from high Olympus, with a
grin becoming Fate;
He, so slouchy—sneaking—crouching—
thus he looked, I do relate,
He—the god—whose name is Fate.



Face to face we stood, he grinning, ghastly
 shone the lamp he bore;
Howled the winds an insane howling, roared
 in terror—roar on roar;
There I stood, my soul affrighted—help!—
 no help could I emlore,
Let the god himself relate it, mortal ne'er
 met like before!

Soon the frowning god was speaking, while
 his grin did not abate;
“You’er the man, methinks, I’m seeking—
 tho’ the hour is dread and late,
Here’s a note for you, I’m thinking,” in
 deep gurgling tones he spake—
“Read with care! scan well its meaning!
 well you tremble!—know your fate!”

Then the slouchy, sneaking monster, slunk
 away with dingy lamp—
While in horror terror bound me—as I
 watched the monster tramp;

Heard the fiend—grim,—hated monster,
howling like some beast of prey—
O, his howl out-roared the tempest! quaked
the mountain!—fierce—I say.—

* * *

Then the storm threw off its madness!
Morning came! The lark I heard!
Naught then seen of note or monster—fled
they from the morn and bird:—

How I hate that dream—that nightmare!
hate the vision that it brought!
Oft I feel in storm and darkness all the
terror that it wrought!

THE FIVE SENSES AND THE HIERARCHY OF MIND.

The five senses, servants of the mind and immediately identified with it in its operations, are indeed wonderful; not only in their structure, but also in their individual operations. What were man, what were life, without them? How nobly they serve him; and, sad to relate, how often they deceive him! They, in this respect, are human, like all servants, and need watching; for they themselves are liable to be deceived and, in turn, to betray or deceive their master. Some of these are quite select in their nature and tastes, although easily demoralized.

The eye, the chief and most refined and efficient of the group, as it looks abroad over the land and the sea upon the innumerable works of God and man, furnishes the

mind with the beauties and glories of the heavens and the earth, thus filling the heart with admiration and the soul with awe. Then again, under the influence of some evil spirit concealed within its mysterious nature, it frequently awakens vicious or insane emotions, such as vanity, envy, jealousy, and their kindred allies, thus prompting man to cruelty or crime.

Yes, the eye, fond and cunning sense of sight, is both a friend and a foe. It can bring a smile, or a frown,—a laugh, or a tear. It is the queen of the senses and the pride of the mind. Ah, gem of gems! A sightless world is, indeed, a dead world. The sun may rise and set in all its splendor; the moon may throw her soft and loving light on lover's path and wooing lake, on vine clad hill and towering dome; all that is mind engaging, beautiful and majestic in the heavens and on the earth, may vie together to captivate and charm the divine in man, yet, without the sense of sight all these were

lost, yes, dead to heart and soul. A Laura Bridgeman, or a Helen Kellar, in an endless night, may dream of these beautiful and wonderful things, but then, ah then! 'tis but a dream,—a dream of things never to be seen in all their fascinating beauty and dazzling splendor.

But we will not further outline the value of this favorite sense; the mind of the reader will readily trace its varied service and dual nature; the pleasure it gives and the pain it inflicts.

But the eye, the telescope and microscope of the mind, has a delicately organized and bright associate, one that is ever sensitive and acute in its operations; and which, like the eye, being dual in its nature, now furnishes the mind with things that are true, beautiful, and good; and then, again, led astray by curiosity or some evil spirit therein lurking, conveys to it evil in the form of some idle gossip or loathsome slander, thereby causing excitement within the corridors of the heart and disturbing the peace of the soul.

Let us note some of its service. Now it bears to the waiting heart and trusting soul sweet accents of love and promise. Soft zephyrs, laden with the aroma of the native wild flower from the paradise of affection, are sighing through cypress boughs and blending with notes of the plaintive harp, while Romeo and Juliet, seated within the arbor of love in the pale of the moon, are whispering to each other vows of eternal bliss. This message alone, spark divine, borne by the ear to the heart of love, were enough to make its service immortal and entitle it to endless homage.

But listen, it serves again. Hark! A mother's cooing, soothing voice is heard in some sweet lullaby; and now an infant sleeps in sweet repose. Yes, in love's bower, at the cradle, at the altar, and at the grave, it waits on the heart or soothes the soul. The eye might well be jealous of its boon companion, that animates the heart and the mind with "Home Sweet Home," and quiets the soul with "Nearer My God To Thee," while the eye looks on

and weeps. What a useful servant! What were life without it! What were the songs of the robin and the nightingale; the voice in the choir and the notes of the organ; the heart and soul inspiring symphony; the heaven born oratorio; the accents of prayer; indeed, a thousand things that reveal to the heart and the soul the divine in life; yes, what were they but for the ear.

But the mind, in considering and estimating the value of these two seemingly twin servants upon which it so much depends for its supply of thought material, is not only pleased with them, but is astonished at the ingenious manner in which they have been constructed and operate, and the fidelity with which they report the facts and phenomena of the outer world; and looks upon them with as much mystery as it does upon itself. However, it often distrusts them and requires them to review their reports; thus signifying that they are not always accurate, but, being human, are liable to err or be deceived.

The three remaining senses, those of smell, touch, and taste, are quite different in their nature from those above described, and may be regarded as menial servants, since they serve the body, while the eye and the ear wait on the heart, mind, and soul. And although they perhaps in their detective capacity are quite equal to their sister senses of sight and sound, yet the character of the service which they perform is of a type lower and less refined. The most delicate of these is possibly that sense which detects the fragrance of the rose, the lily, the violet, or warns the mind of lurking dangers unseen by the eye and unheard by the ear.

Similar in service is that of the remaining two senses. They directly serve the body in its struggle for existence, and indirectly, the mind. The intellect is pleased with them and appreciates the pleasures that the body derives from their service, besides realizing that were it not for them the house of flesh that it inhabits and animates for so

brief a time would be unworthy of its tenant.

It is also to be observed that while these servants have their own individual service to perform, they now and then assist one another by acting as confirmatory agents. The eye frequently appears before the mind to confirm the truth of what the ear declares; then again, the ear helps to identify what the eye claims to have seen. And so it is that these servants aid one another by furnishing confirmatory evidence in matters in doubt before the mind. Thus it will be seen that the five senses, each of which is a wonder in itself, are not co-ordinate in rank or efficiency, but that they differ in this respect even as the members or factors of the Hierarchy of Mind upon which they wait.

THE HIERARCHY OF MIND.

But if the five senses of man are thus wonderful, how infinitely more so is that grand combination of faculties that are here named the Hierarchy of Mind, the study of which

has engaged the attention and baffled the comprehension of the most astute and learned investigators and philosophers that the world has ever known. That such a mysterious and curiously organized something exists and operates within the human brain, securely at home within the skull, we know; but what that mysterious, acting combination or something is, yet remains a defying secret. Think of it, think of the mind hunting for itself and trying to identify itself, but never finding itself, although the conscious ego—thought to be other than mind—knows that it exists. What a mystery! How the head reels in contemplation of it!

Anatomy reveals to the eye and the understanding the lobes of the brain, its convolutions, its white and grey matter, its cells, its blood vessels, its nerves, and their connections with the five senses; but then, what and where is mind, that mysterious, that invisible something, that secret and subtle force that seems to abide and operate within its sensitive

and curiously constructed medium—the brain? This is a secret that even mind itself has not as yet revealed to man, or his conscious ego; for conscious ego seems to be other than mind and seated on its throne somewhere in the dome of the intellect, free from labor of any kind except it be that implied in conscious cognition.

Let us pause and reflect a moment. Think of it; yes, think of it, the mind! A thing so constituted that it can think even of itself, as we are now doing, can examine itself, and its operations; nay, can turn itself into a veritable workshop, a council chamber, a legislative, or a judicial body; and yet, this marvelous something cannot identify itself save in the manifestations of its acts.

Yes, the greatest wonder in this world is the phenomena of mind. But let us take a further view of the mind, let us consider its working capacity, its organized and functional life. We find that it consists of several distinct powers or faculties, that it is well organ-

ized for business, resembling in this respect some of its own creations, as, for instance, a corporate body, with officers and servants, chartered to do almost anything, good, bad, or indifferent, that it may undertake.

We further find that the faculties of this wonderful Hierarchy are not co-ordinate in rank; that, like the senses, some of these are superior to the other members, and that each has its own or appointed work to do, and can do no other. We find that the will faculty, which seems to preside over all the other faculties, is the highest in rank, and decides not what ought to be done, or when, how, or where anything shall be done; but, on the contrary, whether it shall be done at all: that it is the enjoining power.

Again, that the faculty of Reason, chief advocate to the Will, is second in rank, and in conjunction with Judgment, its aid and third in rank, performs the fine and difficult work of drawing conclusions from judgments already formed and presented to it by its as-

sociate—Judgment; that through these three principal members of the Hierarchy, the mind performs its chief acts and is held responsible to Truth and Justice for any and all errors that it makes.

But these do not constitute the entire faculty. The mind has other powers, without which these already spoken of would be of little or no use. They are Memory, Comparison, Discrimination, Abstraction, Generalization, Reflection, and Imagination. Let us briefly suggest the duties or functions of these subordinate but important members of this Hierarchy

The first of these, Memory, keeps the records of the past, and when called upon supplies Judgment and reason with whatever data they may require for their conclusions or deductions. Were it not for this member the past would be a blank, all its achievements, joys and sorrows were buried in oblivion. It is impossible to over estimate the value of this

faculty or power of the mind. It is the pet of the Ego, admired by Imagination, and loved by Reflection. It lives in the past and takes no interest in the future. To it, what has been is everything, what may be is nothing. It is the light and delight of each member of the Hierarchy. When it is absent there is seen in its place only the dim, pale light of the present, flickering in the darkness of distraction. Reason and Judgment, upon which it waits with its various experiences and observations, etc., are helpless without it. They have no light in which to work but that of Memory. In it they read that from the known they are to ascertain the unknown; that in the light of the dead but living past, they are to predict the immediate or remote future. Thus it is that Memory that keeps the records of the past and holds the key to the store-house of experience and observation—so essential to the grand Hierarchy of Mind in its observations—is a pet of the Ego.

We further find that Comparison and Discrimination are also two valuable members of this faculty, and although their work is not of so high an order as that performed by those already mentioned, yet, without their aid, Judgment can do nothing, and consequently Reason must sit idle.

The first of these, Comparison, perceives wherein two or more things are alike and notes their resemblances; while the second, Discrimination, points out wherein they differ from one another and indicates their distinguishing characteristics. These two members are seldom idle. Their work is delicate in its character and often very exacting. Whenever they make a mistake, Judgment, which relies upon them, necessarily follows in error. They seem to be almost as indispensable to the rest of the faculty as Memory itself. It is only by comparison that beauty exists; that vice is not virtue; that poverty is not riches; that pain is not pleasure; that the present is better than the past; and that heaven is the *desideratum*.

Two very important members of the Hierarchy are Abstraction and Generalization. The work performed by the former is of a texture fine and delicate. It abstracts or withdraws from an object any one of its qualities or properties, and then presents it to the consideration of Judgment for its examination and approval. It is the only member of the Hierarchy that has the power to abstract an attribute from the object to which it belongs or in which it is found. This is a wonderful power and marks this member a genius.

When Abstraction has completed its work Generalization takes the results of its labor and with Comparison places all those abstractions that are alike into a class by themselves, and then gives them a name, regardless of the fact that they may come from, or are found to exist in different objects. By the power and aid of these two members, wonderful compounds or combinations, useful or beautiful, are formed.

But there is a member of this wonderful Hierarchy that is restless and unreliable, and that is never allowed to perform any serious work. Judgment and Reason, always so grave in their nature, regard it with suspicion, and scan its productions and suggestions with distrust. This member is Imagination, and, unlike Memory, delights not only in the past, but has a special fondness for the future. It is a great dreamer and a gay deceiver, and not unfrequently disturbs the dignity and calculations of the hierarchal body. It is exceedingly romantic and poetical in its nature, and fond of exciting and tantalizing its more prosaic associates with its own creations rather than those gathered by the senses from the objective world. This it frequently does so adroitly that even Reason—the most reliable and revered figure of the Hierarchy—is led, in an unguarded moment, to regard them as genuine, and use them as factors in some of its serious calculations and solutions. This

wild and romantic member, which is usually ignored by Reason, is often seen in the company of Abstraction by which it is much admired and assisted.

But Imagination, ever dreaming and scheming, has a wonderful and brilliant record on the pages of Memory, a record that is frequently read with laughter and astonishment by Judgment and Reason, as they refer to its mythological, astronomical, moral, or theological effusions, and their wild and distracting effects upon the general heart and mind of the world.

Yet, notwithstanding the flighty and unreliable character of this member, its service in many respects is very acceptable. With its romantic and ideal effusions it not only serves to refresh the spirits of the other members of the Hierarchy, but it frequently makes excursions into the future and brings back with it suggestions and predictions which even Reason is bound to respect and take under consideration. Thus, Imagination, while

a great dreamer and a gay deceiver, performs, at times, valuable service as a pioneer to thought and Reason. To it may be traced many a valuable suggestion, many a smile, and many a tear. At times it seems to have no conscience, and although often severely rebuked by sober Reason, it will persist in weaving tales of fancy, flirting with fairies on Utopian shores, and in suggesting the impossible and farcical.

But there is yet another member of this joint faculty by the name of Reflection which serves in the dignified capacity of learned secretary to Judgment and Reason, and which, with its keen eye of review, frequently discovers mistakes that have been made by its superiors and approved by the Will. Some of these mistakes are comical, while others are serious and tend to cause even Reason to be suspicious of its own wonderful and supreme importance. As a result of these errors, discovered by its secretary, Reason is frequently compelled to appear before its waiting chief, the Will, and urge that the

decrees that the chief has signed be modified, or cancelled, and that new or corrected ones be issued in their place. Hence it is that a feeling of charity exists between the members of the Hierarchy and its servants, the five senses, and that there hangs upon the walls of its council chamber the motto: "To err is human."

All nature is but art, unknown to thee;
All chance, direction, which thou canst not see;
All discord, harmony not understood;
All partial evil, universal good;
And spite of pride, in erring reason's spite,
One truth is clear: Whatever is, is right.

* * * * *

Know then thyself, presume not God to scan;
The proper study of mankind is man.

—*Pope.*

THE SUPREME.

What is that mysterious something,
Universal in space and in time;
That formless—unseen—acting something,
That sages have sought to define;
That something, that permeates Nature
With life and design—never dies;
That something, that rules with such order,
That commands here and there in the
skies.

That something, with power to give motion,
That something, with power to give Life;
That something, involving the notion
Of Death—as a solvent for strife;

That something, that's more than mere
Nature,
That baffles proud Science—its creature,
That something, all mystery—fools dare to
define,
That something essential—all soul—the
Divine.

That power that gave form to Creation,
Set the spheres in their orbits to rhyme,
That power that gave Earth vegetation,
Ordered Light! and made Darkness
sublime!
That something, to man so mysterious,
Yet felt in his soul all the while;
That something he feels—when most
serious—
The Supreme!—the Eternal!—Divine!

AN IDEA.

In its most restricted or philosophic sense, this little word, the sight and sound of which is so familiar to all, is entitled to more consideration than it ordinarily receives. In dignity and importance it ranks with such words as life, love, truth, and justice. It represents an act of the mind. And as mind is superior to matter, even as an electric current is superior to the battery that generates and discharges it, so are the products of the mind superior to the material from which it emanates, or which serves as its medium. But what is an idea? It is evidently not a material product, like an orange, a peach, or a rose. Its nature is neither vegetable, animal, nor mineral. No, it is of a higher order, it is a metaphysical product.

Yes, an idea of the class spoken of here is a product of the mind pure and simple.

It is conceived in and of the mind, hence it is a mind product. It is, as it were, a spark from the mysterious and hidden operations of the mind; a product, the birth of which is witnessed by that very subtle and mysterious something back of it called consciousness. Yes, in the mind, within the confines of the brain, in some mysterious way, an idea, true or false, trivial or important, springs forth in the form of a mental image. Wonderful indeed is this function of the human mind! Within the presence of this mysterious force, this divine in man, mind itself looks upon itself—contemplates itself—and its operations. Think of it! How wonderful!

But every mind is not productive of ideas. A mind that does not evolve such is said to be barren of ideas, resembling in this respect an unproductive kind of soil, while other minds, more highly endowed, are more or less prolific in ideas. Yes, but how is one to know when an idea appears upon the horizon of the mind? Are there no manifestations of such?

Are there no certain sensations attending such evolutions within the brain that serve to announce the arrival or birth of an idea? Is there no sound, no pain, no sensations of any kind? No. One is simply conscious of the appearance of such. It may be unfortunate, but beyond consciousness neither an idea nor a sensation can be traced. This seems to be the last known point; for when one is in a state of unconsciousness he is practically dead, not only so to himself, but to the world, to all things subjective and objective. Such then, it would seem, is the source, the birthplace, and the nature of an idea. Let us trace its life and character into the objective world.

In so doing we observe that some ideas, when they have passed from the mind into the outer world, are so puny or senseless as to be hardly noticeable; they live as it were only a moment and then pass into oblivion, while others, because of their worth, meet with hearty reception, are adopted and enter

into active service. Some of these are of secondary importance, while others are of a more primary character, and serve as roots or fundamentals upon which theories, or systems, or institutions are built; and that rule or revolutionize the world of human affairs. Thus an idea is as it were a thing of life and force; something that can be cultivated, organized, developed, and made to blossom and bear fruit like a plant.

But an idea is of little or no value, no matter what its character may be, so long as it remains dormant or unexpressed within the dome of the intellect. As an acorn needs the soil to become an oak, so an idea needs the world of friction and conflict for its life and development. It must be set in motion and sent into the world of affairs for work and recognition, otherwise its value will never be known, but it will die or remain as useless as an acorn on an iceberg, or as a pearl upon the floor of the sea, that might grace some fair hand of charity.

PERCEPTS AND CONCEPTS.

Thus, the mind has not only the power to perceive, but the power to conceive. It perceives the objects and phenomena of the outer world, and conceives the things which arise within itself—ideas. Yes, it is not only a perceiver, but also a conceiver. It is this power of conception that produces the ideas to which we here refer. When one sees a bird or any sensible object with the physical eye, and is so conscious of it in his mind, he is not seeing a concept of the mind, an idea, a mental image born in the mind, but a percept, a sensible object, having an existence outside of the mind, the form of which is brought to and presented to the mind. Hence the difference between a percept and a concept. Both of these form images in the mind for consciousness to observe, but the images that percepts form are things seen with the physical eye; while those of concepts arise within the mind or imagination, and hence are called mental images, which the physical eye does

not see. This, then, is the difference between the so called mind's eye and the physical eye. Hence, one seeing with his mind's eye a new way of doing anything—new combinations—new formations—with their logical results or consequences, has an idea;—an idea that is new or original if it has not previously appeared in any other mind, otherwise it is not original. This new idea, appearing as an image or concept within the mind, may have been evolved from thinking, or from contemplating some subject, object, or question; yet, it is an idea, a new concept, for it was not before known.

When an idea leaves its birthplace, the mind, it becomes, as it were, the child or property of the world, a sort of cosmopolitan. And so it is that to-day the world is full of ideas, cosmopolitan ideas, so to speak, heretofore evolved by the human mind. There was a time, however, when they were not, until some mind produced them and sent them forth into the objective world of life, for recog-

nition, adoption, practice, place, and power.

Let us consider further this little word, this divine spark, this world power. Let us consider some of the great ideas, dominant ideas, evolutions of great minds, ancient and modern, that have come into the world and revolutionized or modified the feelings, views, and actions of men; and that have wrought great transformations in the intellectual, moral, religious, and civil life of those who have come under their power and influence.

In running over the pages of history, one finds that different minds have evolved and entertained different and conflicting ideas. Some of these pertain to the origin and nature of the universe; others to the life of man here and hereafter, his duties, obligations, and responsibilities. Some of these are purely speculative in their character, while others are practical or scientific. Yes, the entire range of the material or objective world has received, it would seem, attention, thought, and investigation; and different minds have evolved

concerning such various ideas. From these different views, it will be observed that the simple fact that an idea evolves from the mind, that mysterious and most divine part of man—is no assurance that it is true or exact, for it is but a human product; in fact an idea may be absolutely false, or not plumb to the truth; hence it is subject to examination for approval or rejection.

Let us briefly note some of these ideas. For centuries the physical eye looked upon the heavens and the earth, and from the appearance of things declared to the mind that the earth was flat; that it was the centre of the universe. It further declared that the sun rose in the east and traveled up and over this sphere in the blue dome of the heavens; and that so on it went down and under it and up again in the east; thus making the same trip day after day, and so on century after century, without cessation. Thus it positively *seemed* to the physical eye of the world; and the unlettered mind, trusting this sense, believed

what appeared to be absolutely true; nor would it tolerate any opinion to the contrary.

But there came a time when the mind grew suspicious that its servant, the eye, was being deceived; for it had learned that even in nature things are not always what they seem. So, suspicion created doubt in the mind, a doubt that grew strong and defiant, which, with an array of contradictory facts, battled with blind belief, thereby causing a disturbance in the now wide-awake and thinking mind, setting in action skeptical but honest investigation, judgment, and reason, with the result that a conflicting and revolutionary idea was born; an idea which grew with time and dethroned the Ptolemaic or Geocentric idea, and in its place established, not what *seemed* to the naked eye as truth, but the real, the truth, the Copernian or Heliocentric idea; an idea not born of blind belief and having for its sole support simple and trusting observation, but one confirmed by science, an expert of the mind, with its telescope and other

demonstrative instruments inspired by truth.

Thus we see, in this one great historical case, that a false idea may be born in the mind; that it may find its way into the world, and there, finding favor, may become a ruling and defiant spirit for centuries. Again, that the same idea, in the course of time, may become an object of ridicule, or be discarded with contempt, when the mind, ceasing simply to observe, sets itself to thinking and testing the accuracy of its observations and conclusions, and so gives birth to a new and true idea.

So then, as we have stated, an idea is a thing of life, something that can grow and bear fruit, true or false, bitter or sweet, according to its nature; that it is a thing of force; that when it once takes firm root in the mind and heart it is not easily displaced, but may, like the one above stated, live for centuries and flourish in all its falsity, defying even truth herself to remove it.

This suggests the reflection that one should be on the alert that he may not entertain an

idea of importance, no matter how seemingly beautiful and plausible it may be, before giving it a suspicious and critical examination.

So too, from the above celebrated case of delusion, it will be observed that ideas that are born of observation alone may be false, and that any system or theory built upon them must necessarily carry the same uncertainty, and may not withstand the scrutiny or assaults of truth when it attacks such with its weapons of demonstration. But such ideas, however, are not without value. They serve to suggest to the mind what *may* be true, and what, upon proper examination, may thus be found. This prompts us incidentally to remark, that a mind which simply observes is not apt to produce ideas of any kind, that if it harbors or entertains such they are but echoes from other minds. In fact, one may observe or enjoy for a life time what the senses yield, without ever having an idea.

But let us return to our subject. There are ideas that appear in the mind which are

not suggested simply by observation as was the Ptolemaic theory, but which are evolved from observation and experience supplemented by methodical thinking; ideas which invite inspection and furnish demonstration. Ideas of this variety were not native to the primitive mind. Methodical and scientific thinking was not a flower of the Nile, the Tigris, or the Euphrates. True, the human mind was there, star-gazing, earth surveying, measuring shadows, and proudly guessing, and sometimes hitting the truth; but then from mere observation with crude instruments the mind could evolve little more than what the senses furnished. Correct ideas may, it is true, arise intuitively, as it were, in the untutored mind; yet, they are of but little service until organized and developed by science, their friend and demonstrator. It was by methodical and scientific thinking that Copernicus and his successors evolved and demonstrated the truth of his theory and the falsity of its predecessor, the Ptolemaic theory.

It was by such thinking that Sir Isaac Newton discovered to the world the laws that govern the movements of the planetary system. It is nothing uncommon to see an apple fall from a tree to the ground; but from this observation, in Newton's mind there sprang up an inquiry which he subjected to methodical thinking and reflection, with the result that his disciplined mind evolved an idea that solved a great problem, a mystery of the planets.

And so it is that this class of ideas has revolutionized the thoughts, actions, and beliefs of men. It is due largely to such ideas, products of skepticism and honest inquiry, that superstition, the bane of the world, has dwindled from a giant to a pigmy. It is due to such that imagination, the playful dreamer and gay deceiver of the world, has been unmasked and made to bend the knee to reason, as she sits on her throne in the purple robes of science wearing the crown of demonstration.

It will be seen by reference to history

that it was not merely the observing mind, but the thinking, experimental, and demonstrative mind, that evolved and developed the idea of the alphabet, as it did later the printing press. And this, too, when science was yet young or in its embryonic state. These two inventions, products of ideas evolved from thinking and reflection based upon observation, are, perhaps, the greatest that the human mind has ever evolved for the improvement of man and the advancement of civilization.

In fact, every invention or the improvement of such in the different arts and sciences since the days of Archimedes, when the screw, the wheel, the lever, and the pulley were invented, may be traced to some mind that evolved the idea of such from the exercise of its higher faculties, termed the discursive faculties of the mind, and not merely from thoughtless observation, one of its perceptive faculties. True, some of these may have been suggested or started by common observation, as was the steam engine, when Watt, upon seeing the

cover of a tea-kettle lifted by the force of the steam that boiling water generated.

The sight of this common occurrence forcibly suggested to Watt's inquiring and thinking mind the valuable power of steam, and that this force might be produced in larger quantities and satisfactorily applied to practical purposes. This suggestion he submitted to the higher faculties of his mind, to its discursive faculties, that is—to judgment, reason, and reflection, with the result that in due course of time his mind evolved a concept, an idea that suggested other ideas, thus forming a chain of ideas, which finally led to and terminated in an improved steam-engine, which put to flight the steam-pump and gave to commerce a mighty impulse.

To such, to ideas suggested by observation and experiment, as well as to ideas that spring up in the mind independent of these, (if such can be) all the inventions in the arts and sciences may be traced. Again we say, how wonderful is mind! how wonderful

its intuitive faculties! how marvelous its discursive faculties!

But not only has the material, the objective world received the attention, the investigation and the consideration of great reflective and reasoning minds, which have evolved ideas concerning its nature and phenomena, but similar minds have passed beyond the objective world and made excursions into the metaphysical, into realms which lie beyond the limits of the five senses; and in so doing, have evolved with more or less of reason, various metaphysical ideas; and with these ideas as a basis have formed doctrines, or theories; and for their promulgation, growth, and preservation, institutions have been established.

But, as already stated, with these metaphysical ideas the five senses have nothing to do. How so? Because their powers are limited to the physical, the objective or material world. They were never designed to reach beyond these objective boundaries;

therefore they are left behind, as it were, when the imagination in its excursions with speculation and assumption travels outside or beyond these boundaries.

Yes, the eye, though aided by the telescope and the microscope, can not reach beyond matter in any form. Its powers are limited, which is true of each of the five senses. Yet, man is conscious, and his reason tells him, that something does exist that is not physical; that there are existences that none of the five senses can discern; existences, the nature and character of which are known (if at all) only through the discursive faculties of the mind; faculties which speculate with them and give them a philosophical or metaphysical classification. And, as we have said, such existences do not make themselves known directly to the mind through any one of the five senses, therefore, these cannot prove that such exist or inform the mind of their nature or character.

Besides, these existences are so fine or

subtle in their nature, that no faculty of the intellect, other than reason, can account for them. Reason, and reason alone, the deity of the human intellect, is the only member of the hierarchy of mind that even attempts to define them; and when it fails so to do, they are set aside and classified with things mysterious, just as mind itself is, and thus remain for crude or refined speculation.

Some of these existences lie hidden, though active, in things within the boundary lines of the phenomenal or material world, and there, as forces, act within concrete substances known to the five senses. Yet, as they are concealed from the cognition of the five senses, they should be classified with general metaphysical ideas, since all that exists beyond the knowledge of the five senses and that acts within the physical may be termed metaphysical. This classification would agree with the meaning of the Greek prefix *meta*, which signifies beyond, and which, when it is placed before and combined with the

word physical, forms the word metaphysical.

So then, when reason realizes that something is, and that it lies beyond the reach or knowledge of any one of the five senses, but which something is referred to the mind to determine its nature, this something should be classified with things called metaphysical.

True, if the term metaphysical be taken in its most exclusive or restricted sense, it should exclude everything but Absolute Being and Mind; that is, all but pure abstract existence and mind.

These two elements, Absolute Being and Mind, when set aside from all else and considered by themselves in the abstract, (if such be possible,) independent of everything with which they are or may be connected or in which they are found to exist, constitute pure metaphysics. But even then, the human mind, the only mind that man has or is conscious of, operates through the brain, a physical substance, a substance that the human eye can see. So then, if the mind and all its

operations is a metaphysical subject-object, then whatever we realize or are conscious of, and that is not matter in any form, and whose effects we note, and which we name force, energy, or life, etc.; and which lies concealed though active or able to act within the things of the world of matter, ought to be regarded, it would seem, also metaphysical; just as we regard the mind that acts in and through that material or concrete substance which we call the brain.

We know that we study the objective world by beginning with the phenomena of things, as they present themselves to the sense of sight, or as we realize their existence, effects and character through the senses; that we next proceed to inquire as to the causes of said phenomena or effects; and that so on we move through nature up to the human mind, and so on in imagination up to pure, abstract, or Absolute Intelligence, that we say created and permeates the causes, effects and phenomena of the physical, and beyond which

there is nothing conceivable but unlimited time and space. But then, this intelligent something, absolute in its nature and independent of any matter or concrete substance containing it, seems to be beyond the power of the mind to comprehend; and all that mortal mind can do is to give it a name and speculate as to its nature and character.

So, as stated, it would seem that everything that no one of the five senses can realize or verify might be classified as metaphysical, even though such operates through or is connected with the physical, and thus simplify knowledge. But, on the contrary, we have three classifications, namely, one called Science; one termed Philosophy, and one named Metaphysics. The meaning of these technical terms and their distinctions, the popular or common mind does but vaguely, if at all, comprehend; hence they fall upon the common ear of the world with an obscurity and a weight that tends to produce within the mind a feeling of apprehension and

awe. Let us linger here for a moment.

We study and acquire a knowledge of the material world, and then classify this knowledge and call it science. Again, we study and ascertain the causes and reasons of the phenomena and the effects of this same material world, and then call this knowledge with its explanations, Philosophy. Then we pass on beyond the physical up to mind, up to mystery; and there, at the beginning of things, minus the five senses, in solitude and darkness, begin to speculate and guess as to what Being or Mind is, and then arrogantly and pompously name our guesses and speculations—metaphysics. Yet, there, minus the demonstrations that the five senses afford, reason itself becomes dizzy and unsteady, and soon longs to leave the lonesome field of airy abstractions and distractions and return to its natural plane, to enjoy things physical and metaphysical in the concrete, in company with the five senses.

But the imagination is of such a nature

that it can soar to altitudes and revel in an atmosphere more rarified than can human reason. Yes, imagination even claims to have eyes and ears. It claims to see things that reason cannot trace; nay, to visit places unknown to time and space. It is a sort of free lance or sport in the hands of speculation. And so it is, that in the field of metaphysics we find imagination supplying even reason with fiction, without fear of being detected by any one of the five senses; with fiction cunningly mixed with a subtle element of truth, without any satisfactory means of separating the two. Again, even reason, when at work in pure metaphysics, seems to take kindly to the aid of imagination, notwithstanding the latter's bad reputation for fiction rather than fact.

But science, in contradistinction to metaphysics, confines itself to what the five senses can verify or confirm. It uses reason only in conjunction with the five senses, and never speculates as to what is or may be beyond

the physical world. Philosophy, on the contrary, seems not averse to speculation, but rather delights in it, and often presumes to extend its conclusions beyond physical causes and sober reason into the realm of metaphysics; and from that lofty region heralds to the world its assumed discoveries and explanations.

Hence it is, that the dividing line between Philosophy and Metaphysics is to the popular mind so obscure or vague; that the scientific, the philosophic, and the metaphysical, fall upon the common ear in such confusion and are so little comprehended.

Hence it is, that these three so-called sciences sit as a sort of triumvirate or trinity, and properly, or improperly, rule the hearts and minds of men. Hence it is, that in such we find dogmatism and assumption, especially in matters of philosophy and metaphysics. Science, however, and Science only, swings free from the charge of dogmatism, and uses assumption or hypothesis only for

the purpose of ascertaining the truth, and is so true to herself that she will not stop short of confirmation by the five senses.

Now let us note some of the ideas that the mind has evolved in matters that lie beyond the ken of the five senses, and which therefore, are subject to honest doubt or unbelief. These ideas all relate to the beginning or the end of things; to the First Great Cause. They are purely metaphysical, since they originate in the human mind, and there only, and because they cannot be verified by any one of the five senses; yes, even reason, deity of the mind, hesitates to endorse them, although implored so to do by curiosity, desire, or faith.

Now the mind of man is so constituted, that in its cultivated state it can trace everything in the natural world from its phenomena or effects back to its first cause, back to the origin or the beginning of all things; yes, up to mind, that seeks the Absolute, which is greater than the *human* mind.

But there the mind of man is compelled to halt; there it meets the very soul of mystery, yes, mystery wrapped in mystery, that neither the mind's philosophy, its science, nor its longings can solve., There it is forced to halt, on the border land of Mystery, and wonder, and speculate, and guess; and in so doing, the mind, to relieve the tension of curiosity, or the throbbing of the heart's desire to know the eternal, evolves an idea, which may or may not be true. Then again, fearful of death, the thoughts of man turn to the end of things, and there repeats the process of speculation, until his mind, urged by his heart of burning desire to live on in some form forever, evolves an idea, to satisfy his hopes and his fears.

Here, again, mystery defies and coolly denies his proud philosophy and tearful requests, and forces him to take consolation from inference and faith.

Now, ideas that promise man a future after death, that excite his hopes and his

fears in that direction, naturally, and in fact do, interest and concern him more than do ideas that speculate as to the *origin* of himself or the universe. And since death is inevitable and parting with those we love painful, there is ever a longing in the general heart and mind to know beyond a doubt, what, if anything, awaits the ego when death overtakes it. Hence, the most important and prominent idea that the human mind has ever evolved, is the one that proclaims the existence of a Supreme Being. A Being who, it is claimed, orders man into the world and out of it. A Being who controls his destiny here and dictates what shall be done with him after death. So, we find that on this subject different minds throughout the centuries have evolved different and conflicting ideas.

Now since an idea, when it is formed, must have a name to preserve and identify itself, a name by which it may be recognized and discussed, so it is that the idea that we

in our language call God or the Deity, has received in different tongues different names, while the general idea thus evolved has been marked, as a doctrine—Theism; and those who adopt and believe in it are called Theists, in contradistinction to those who do not believe in it, and whom we call, Atheists.

Be it remembered, however, that Atheism is a term that does not represent an idea; because it is a negative term, which denies Theism, a belief in the existence of a Supreme Intelligence. An *idea* is always expressed in the affirmative. Whatever is, is affirmative, while its negative, like darkness, (which is but the absence of light) is nothing—not even empty space. It simply denies the existence or the truth of what is affirmed, and then attacks the proof by which the affirmative seeks to establish itself.

Now, since different minds, great minds, evolve different and conflicting ideas as to the same identical matter, especially in matters of metaphysics, which lie beyond the

reach of Science or the five senses, so, too, it is that we have different and conflicting ideas as to the nature and truth of the things now under consideration. Some minds have evolved the idea that there is but *one* God, and this idea has been named Monotheism, *mono*, as a prefix, meaning one. Other minds have evolved the idea that there are two gods, an idea termed Bitheism or Ditheism, *Bi* or *Di*, signifying two.

Again, other minds have evolved the idea that there are three gods, hence the name, Tritheism, *tri*, signifying three. Other minds have evolved the idea that each of the forces of Nature has a god of its own that presides over it; hence the name Polytheism, *poly*, signifying as a prefix, many. Finally, other minds, studying Nature and meditating about her, have evolved the idea that God is only the combined forces of Nature, an idea that has received the name Pantheism or Cosmotheism; the prefix *pan*, signifying all, or plurality in totality.

So, we observe that when one notes the isms of metaphysics, he sees that a large number of conflicting and contradictory ideas have been evolved in different minds in regard to the first, the ultimate, or the Absolute Cause of all existences. He finds that the human mind, in regard to Theism, has evolved ideas of one God; yes, and a plurality of gods; that according to some minds, the heavens and the earth are metaphorically full of gods; that some of these gods are superior while others are inferior in power and rank; that some preside over and control the individual forces of Nature, while others, living in the air or somewhere in spirit form, are more especially interested in the affairs of man, and have the power to aid or defeat his plans or hopes; that they stand ready to reward or punish him, according to his devotion or neglect of them, etc.

Yes, this medley of ideas, the human, sane mind has evolved; ideas that seem to deny that the Ego, either innately, intuitively, or

consciously, knows or can find its God, the Absolute. Then, again, other minds, like that of Zoroaster, an ancient Persian philosopher, have evolved the idea that there are two principal gods, adopting the idea or principle generally held by the ancients; namely, that from nothing, nothing can be produced. The idea entertained in Zoroaster's mind from observation and reflection was, that spirit and matter, light and darkness, are emanations from one eternal source; that the former is good; the latter, evil; but that, through the intervention of the Supreme Being, the contest would at last terminate in favor of the good principle. He also conceived the idea that various orders of spiritual beings, gods, or demons, have proceeded from the Deity, and are more or less perfect; that the human soul is a particle of divine light, and that it will return to its source and partake of its immortality, etc. Thus the ancient, Oriental mind conceived, and endeavored to explain the origin of all things by the principle of

emanations from an eternal fountain of being. Again, other minds have evolved the idea that there is but one God, but one Absolute Being. That this one God is eternal, and the Author of everything that ever was, is, or ever will be. That man is, because God is. That the fate or future destiny of man, this one God orders and controls, etc.

Thus, as to these metaphysical problems, we observe that reason, the deity of the mind, has evolved ideas; "ideas of reason" on the border land of speculation. And yet, they cannot be termed purely metaphysical, for they have as a basis, ideas drawn from the physical world and confirmed by the five senses. Many of these ideas are based upon what is termed analogy; ideas which are practical and warrant legitimate assumptions or inferences in physical or worldly matters, and whose truth or falsity, time sooner or later confirm. But such ideas, are inadequate to solve the mighty problems of the origin and the ultimate of all things.

It is, therefore, curious to note the antics that the reason of some brilliant minds has performed when prodded by desire in its holy of holies in order to gratify curiosity, or the longings of the human heart. True, from the known we ascertain the unknown; but then, when we ascend into the dome of metaphysics, the problems there presented are too serious and subtle for even *reason* to solve, and all that it can honestly do is to furnish the understanding with questionable inferences, and send the waiting, persistent, and unsatisfied heart to Hope and Faith for further assurance. Some philosopher has said: "Nature conceals God; man reveals God."

Well, if mystery is God, these propositions are true; for Nature has revealed to man that the Alpha and the Omega of all Creation, which lies concealed within her dominions, is Mystery; a mystery that man cannot find or comprehend.

Thus we see, that ever since man was, the human mind, from its observations of

the objective world, and from its investigations in matters metaphysical, has conjectured, speculated, inferred, and finally evolved different and conflicting ideas as to mysteries that lie beyond the limits of the five senses.

So, then, in the midst of so many conflicting and contradictory ideas as to how things began and how things will end; and in the absence of any truth furnished by the senses; and, finally, because of the inability of reason to satisfy the curiosity and longings of the general heart and mind of the world as to what exists, again we say, is it any wonder that doubt prevails? that some philosopher and doubting Thomas has said that, "The world grew light-headed, and forth came a spawn of isms which no man can number?" Is it any wonder that there have been and are so many different doctrines, creeds, sects, and schools of thought or philosophy, more or less in conflict with one another?

Is it at all surprising that the voice of

doubt is heard in matters not confirmed by the five senses and an unbiased logical reason? Is it not clear that the doctrine of infallibility and the voice of dogmatism deserves but open contempt and rebuke, while honest skepticism and serious agnosticism are worthy of respectful and thoughtful attention? Does not history and tradition maintain what is here suggested?

Now we know that an idea is only a product of the human intellect; that it should never be regarded as a fact, notwithstanding it may have sprung up in the mind from the observation of a fact or facts and become the germ of an inference or a deduction. We know that it is only a mental image thrown upon the canvas of the mind for reason to consider. We know, too, from experience, that it may or may not be true; that it is subject to the critical examination of reason and reflection, which time may or may not approve. Again, that when found to be true in fact, it is then pronounced gen-

uine, and is no longer called an idea but a *fact*, and is then classified with facts or truths. Furthermore, that there is no man, dogma, or creed on earth, that can convert, ridicule, or brow-beat a *false* idea into a fact, although the voice of doubt or unbelief may be silenced. That a fact always weighs more than an idea. That an idea only assumes the weight of logic when it has reached a point of fact, or has blossomed into truth. Again, that a fact or truth outweighs all the possible fiction that sophistry or rhetoric can produce. Not that the mind in an intuitive or imaginative mood or state is incapable of conceiving some unknown fact or truth, but that until an idea has been proved to be a fact, it is not entitled to change its name from idea to fact and lay aside its swaddling infant garb.

It might be interesting and profitable to consider the *force* of an idea when it has taken a firm root in the human heart and become a dictating or controlling spirit. Were we to do this it would lead us into painful

as well as pleasant paths of thought and emotion. We would see the bloody hand of ignorance and passion obeying that hydra-monster, superstition. We would see human beings meekly bowing and worshiping idols of wood or stone; fanatical mothers throwing beloved and innocent babes into the river Ganges; others being crushed by the Juggernaut. We would see men fearing and worshiping supposed demons. We would visit heathen temples and oracles and see beautiful and innocent young lives offered as sacrifices to the gods of myth. We would hear the fervent prayer of Jesus in the Garden of Gethsemane; witness Him nailed and murdered upon a cross at Mt. Calvary. We would behold the horrors of the Crusades; of the Spanish Inquisition; of Saint Bartholomew, etc. We would see men and women burnt at the stake, or thrown into dark and loathsome dungeons to suffer torture and long for death. These and many other superstitious, fanatical, cruel, and heart rendering scenes

we would witness, until in shame and horror we would cry out with Pope, "Alas! man's inhumanity to man, makes countless millions mourn." We would also see individuals and nations rise to heights of might and splendor, and then fall with a terrible crash, never to rise again.

Ay, the *force* of an idea, whether true or false, is fearful, wonderful to contemplate!

But all the ideas that the mind has put forth have not emanated from minds of cruelty, superstition, or fanaticism. When Christ came into the world, He brought with Him ideas that tuned the distracted heart aright and pointed reason to its false assumptions and cruel deductions; ideas that battled with that monster, superstition, and left it bleeding and dying in its lair. Since His agonizing voice was heard upon the cross of fanaticism, the ideas that He proclaimed to the world have blossomed and ripened into many a noble and humane institution; yes, where

once was heard the voice of despair and lamentation, now is heard the voice of praise and thanksgiving. Since then, the Golden Rule has become more of an active reality, so that there is less gloom in the world and more joy.

Thus we have feebly and imperfectly defined and illustrated the nature and character of an idea; traced it to its birth-place, and from there into the outer world of human affairs. We have seen that it may or may not be true to fact; that even in physical matters it is wont to be in error, even as the five senses are; that it is subject to examination by reason in the light of known facts, and may be cast aside as unimportant or false. We have seen that even in physical matters it has shamefully imposed upon humanity.

Again, we have seen that in metaphysical matters, where the passions of the heart and the soul are especially interested, it has frequently played the part of a villain, wrecking

the hopes and lives of individuals and shattering society and nations.

Thus we have seen the force of an idea. We have also observed that an idea has its moods and tenses, like a verb; that one idea may be cold and mathematical; that another may be dripping with passion, as observed in the Crusades and other religious movements; while yet another may be the offspring of lofty purpose and alive with ethical love and spiritual thought.

So, then, it is seen that metaphysical ideas may be ethical, logical, psychological, or theological; that in ethical, or theological matters, ideas are frequently but germs of passion, or sparks from an insane or disordered mind.

True, then, an idea that suggests serious changes, or which, if acted upon, may seriously effect the life or happiness of an individual or the world at large, should be examined with suspicion, and should not be approved; nay, not even entertained, until cool and enlightened reason and reflection have placed upon

it their seal of approval. And even then, beneath this seal should be conspicuously written in bold letters: WITHOUT PREJUDICE AND SUBJECT TO REVIEW.

"One truth is clear—What ever is, is right."

* * * * *

"In pride, in reasoning pride, our error lies;
All quit their sphere, and rush into the skies.
Pride still is aiming at the blessed abodes,
Men would be angels, angels would be gods."

* * * * *

"All are but parts of one stupendous whole,
Whose body Nature is, and God the soul."

* * * * *

"Nature and Nature's laws lay hid in night,
God said, 'Let Newton be!' and all was light."

* * * * *

"Heaven from all creatures hides the book of Fate."

—Pope.

LIFE.

Oh! great—little word, with a content
divine,
Why wait ye yet longer, thyself to define?
The secret thy heart holds, still running
with time,
We pray thee surrender that secret
sublime.

Since time was, ye've kept it—why longer
withhold
Its meaning, its purpose, yet only half told?
'Tis time to end conflict—thy secret unfold,
We long for its meaning, with a longing
that's bold.

We look down the ages, our sight meets
but strife.

Lo! now there is combat, the battle is rifle.
No sign in the heavens—tho' radiant with
light,
Life still is a riddle—or short is our sight.

Then why yet delay while we grope and
we pray—
For a light that should turn life's gloom
into day—
We beg in our flight to the region of light—
For a sign that shall give us thy secret—
aright.

Half-hearted we pray, and half-hearted we
sing,
Doubt clangs on the ear while cathedral
bells ring.

1893

Today we are right,—and tomorrow we're
wrong—

Our creeds ever changing with prayer and
with song.

We point to the cross—as the “Light of
the World.”

Then march our battalions with banners
unfurled,

To ravish and plunder—our greed to
appease,

Then praise we the Father—our conscience
to ease.

Ah! something is wrong with the prayer
and the song,

Else why are things mixed so—the right
with the wrong,

Perhaps we might say, right and wrong is
the way,

Ordained thus it seems—since both here
hold sway.

1901

KNOWLEDGE—INFORMATION— BELIEF.

What a difference there is in the meaning of these three words! How the first represents that which radiates light and assurance! How proudly confident and satisfied is he who knows, and knows that he knows! To be in the possession of truth verified by one's own senses, is certainly a satisfaction not easily over estimated. Yes, there is beauty and force in the Spanish proverb that runs: "He who knows, and knows that he knows, is wise, seek him."

How much weaker is the second term, information, a substitute for the first; mixed as it is with more or less of the element of doubt. Information, forces an appeal to reason and reflection, which can only return an opinion that may terminate either in belief, doubt or unbelief. Thus it is that we have what is

termed direct and indirect knowledge, with their relative forces. What one sees or hears, or what any one of his five senses in their normal condition makes known to him, affords him direct knowledge. What others tell him, or what he reads, is indirect knowledge, only information, which he, upon personal investigation or research, may find to be true, or false. Hence, the difference in value, other things being equal, between knowledge direct and knowledge indirect.

Again, if what one reads or what is said to him, he considers as being true, then, such information forms in his mind what is called belief. To be ignorant, is to be without knowledge, directly received through some one of our senses or from information derived from other sources. No one, however, is totally ignorant, though he may be very illiterate. All human beings possess some degree of actual personal knowledge. Who is so ignorant that he does not know that food satisfies hunger, or that water quenches thirst? But one's actual

personal knowledge of a subject or thing may be either very limited or very extensive; or, again, one's information concerning the same may be very extensive while his actual personal knowledge of it may be nothing. Yet, for various reasons, the information thus given may strike one as being true, and may excite in his mind belief. So, in the one case, we have personal sense knowledge, while in the other case, we have simply information, though it may be sufficiently strong to induce belief. Thus the reflective reader will note how important it is to discriminate between knowledge that comes through one's own senses, i. e. personal experience or observation, and that which, although termed and counted as knowledge, is, in reality, nothing more nor less than information, though it may induce and be worthy of belief. But, it will be said, most of us act upon information and belief, that it were well nigh impossible for us to live and transact the affairs of life independent of such.

Yes, no doubt, the majority of mankind act upon information and belief, since it is impossible for any one to see, or hear, or experience, everything, even though he might be able to comprehend such. Thus it is, that one's personal knowledge of things is very limited, while his information and belief may be almost unlimited. But this does not make the two terms equal in sense or importance, nor does it impair or strengthen the term faith or belief, that must attend or succeed information to make it as convincing as actual knowledge. True, one's senses may deceive him, even as appearances are often deceiving, but other things being equal, it cannot be justly said that information, oral or written, or supported by an oath, is equivalent, in fact, to knowledge that comes to one directly through his own senses.

Nor is it any reflection against one that he, in matters of grave importance, demands to see with his own eyes; nay, at times, to confirm his sense of sight by some one of his

other senses, when possible, even as did the disciple, known as doubting Thomas, when he was in doubt as to whether the person before him and speaking was, indeed, the risen Christ. Yes, in matters of great or serious importance, it is far better to wait in honest doubt, than to rush into the arms of blind belief, to be spirited away to some fold of insane fanaticism, or bigotry. Aye, there is truth in the following words of an eminent poet: "Faith, fanatic Faith, once wedded fast to some dear falsehood, hugs it to the last."

Those who are easily convinced, who on slight evidence believe a thing to be true or false, are called credulous. Now, credulity is one of the most fascinating features of childhood. Then it is, that one knows little or nothing, in the true sense of the word, but is ready to believe all. Then, the mind is in an inquisitive and receptive state, and is unable to investigate, analyze, deduce and form opinions true to fact. Then it is that error in the form of information easily takes root in the

heart and the mind; error that blossoms into belief, to which the heart and the mind later cling with deadly tenacity; even though the mind may have so developed as to discern for itself truth from falsehood. We need not recite any of the multitude of instances there are to prove what is a matter of common knowledge.

It is neither the child nor the adolescent mind that can appreciate the value and meaning of the three terms here considered. The only purpose of this essay is to impress upon those capable of reflection, the necessity of giving to each of these terms its due weight and influence in matters of grave importance, if they would be just to themselves as well as to others, and would live in the light of facts rather than dwell in the obscurity of doubt, as a slave or tool for fancy, or superstition.

THE MAN WITH THE HOE.

The man with the hoe, honest labor, we
know,
Firm his step, strong his arm, as he goes
forth to sow;
Aye, better is he with hands calloused and
brown,
Than the knave, or the snob, or effete, of
the town.

For his wife and his babes in the cot on
the hill,
In the fair fields of Nature he toils with a
will;
There, the lark and the robin and nightin-
gale sing,
In the sweet scented airs that the morn and
eve bring.

So the man with *ideas*, and invention we
know,
Who soars like the lark, with his brain all
aglow;
'Twas he made the hoe and invented the
letter,
That his brother might use them, and make
his lot better.

Then honor to both,—honest hoe, mighty
letter,
When weighed in the balance,—which one
is the better?
The answer is simple, when honest the
test,
Better he who serves God and humanity
best.

SECRET OF MELODIC FAILURE.

Why is it that so few of the thousands who study harmony in our schools of music, term after term, with a desire to compose, ever find themselves able or qualified to write even a simple melody that has a meaning all its own, and that, in a musical sense, is grammatically and rhetorically correct; a melody that bears the marks of design, of unity, of variety, of symmetry, and proportion, of order, with points of repose; and above all, a melody that tells a story, that engages the head and the heart? Why is it that the student, after he has familiarized himself with the nature of the scales, the intervals, the chords, in their various positions and inversions, the manner in which they agreeably succeed one another, the preparation, and resolution of discordant elements, cadences, modulations, etc., finds himself with a mass of musical material, and

with a strong desire to compose, and yet, is powerless to write, in any methodical way, so much as a sentence of melody? We find him at the piano endeavoring to woo from the keyboard any sort of melody that it may yield to the touch of his aimlessly wandering fingers. He sits there waiting for some sparks of inspiration to fly forth that may please his fancy; and if, perchance, a few notes appear, he hurriedly jots them down, and then returns in pursuit of additional ones, and so on until he finds that he has linked together enough of them to make, what seems to his undisciplined-melodic sense, a melody, which upon examination shows neither design nor method. As his mind sought for nothing in particular, so whatever presented itself was indefinite and accidental, and, when heard in succession, was vague, and contradictory. He feels that something is wrong, and is inclined to think that he is not gifted, and so finally gives up in despair.

Now what is the reason of all this? Is

it because he is not an Italian? Would it have been otherwise had he been born in the land of song, poetry and romance, beneath the skies known to a Rossini and a Verdi? Is his failure due to birth, and environment, or is it because the spirit of melody, native to all hearts, has been neglected, left undisciplined and undeveloped, while all attention has been given to the study of harmony, which is but an attendant and subordinate force to melody? Indeed, herein lies the secret of his failure. He has been constructing, analyzing and parsing chords, instead of devoting a part of his time to the construction of melodies without reference to harmony, except in so far as it might have been necessary in making melodic cadences, and in modulating from one key to another.

It will be admitted, by those who are at all familiar with the matter herein presented, that what I have said is true. It will also be conceded that the manner in which musical composition is taught at the

present time in most of our schools of music does not lead to composition, and is radically defective; that these antiquated methods should be set aside and better ones formulated and adopted. A method should be adopted that will give the pupil, in conjunction with his study of harmony (a knowledge of which is not to be ignored and which, of course, is essential, in order to compose well), abundant exercise in the art of forming melodies. Classes distinctively melodic should be formed, wherein every species of melodic structure should be taught. In such a class, it should be shown how to form melodic designs, phrases, sections, periods, and also how these may be properly joined together, so as to form the series into a perfect melodic chain. In this way the pupil will learn how to develop the *spirit* rather than the *body* of the composition, so that the *soul* rather than the *matter* thereof will stand forth in bold relief, as it should. Then, the student will find that American skies are as friendly and inspiring

as those of Italy; that the spirit of melody has its technic, and is not averse to being ruled and regulated by the laws of unity, variety, symmetry, and proportion, and that it makes its best appearance when so intelligently ruled and regulated.

Of these things the writer speaks advisedly, for he was a student at Boston, and at Leipsic, under the above criticised methods. With a proper system, the student should find it easy to write correct and expressive melodies.

GENERAL GRANT (AT BANGKOK IN SIAM.)

"A guard of honor presented arms, the band played the 'Star-Spangled Banner,' which was the first time they had heard that air in the East, all the other bands they had encountered laboring under the delusion that our national air was 'Hail Columbia.' As the General does not know one tune from another, it never made much difference so far as he was concerned."

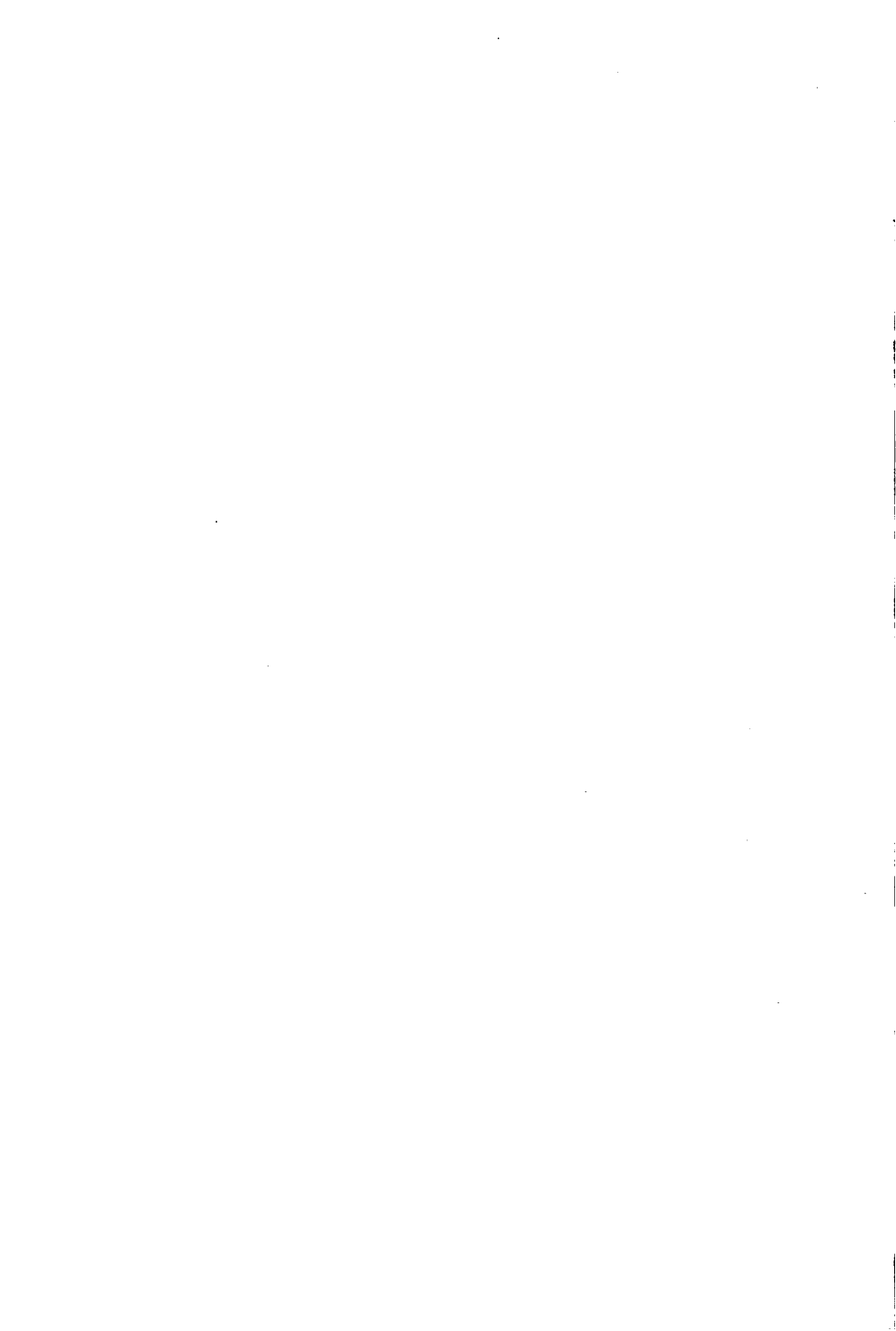
—*General Grant's Travels, P. 364.*

"MY DEAR LITTLE GIRL."

Have you seen my dear little girl,
Dear to me as the sea to the pearl,
With ways soft and dainty, eyes drooping
with love,
With movements and voice like a young
cooing dove?

Well, she's mine, that dear little girl,
Who makes pretty and modest the curl
With her shapely and dainty, artistic-like
fingers;
How dear is the time and the place where
she lingers!





There are many quite like her you say,
Who resemble her much in their way,
With her voice and its notes and her loving
 caresses,
With her sweet, pretty ways, bright eyes
 and fair tresses.

Oh, yes, but my thought runs this way,
To what lies far beneath the wild spray;
The pearl is not seen on the wave or the
 crest;
The sea keeps its worth hid away in its
 breast.

Thus it is with my dear little girl,
Whom I love as the sea loves the pearl;
Her ways that so charm are the wild spray
 and crest,
But the pearl so admired you'll find deep
 in her breast.

A TEAR FROM THE SKY.

I caught a tear as it fell from the sky,
Whence came it but from an angel's eye?
I felt its heart beat, heard it sigh,
These words it breathed: "Forgotten,
why?"

I dropped the tear, from it would fly—
When lo! a spirit form drew nigh,
And with a sad, grieved look and sigh,
Complaining said: "Forgotten, why?"

I stood reproached, on spirit gazed,
As from the earth the tear it raised,
Then, with the same grieved look, amazed,
The spirit left me, speechless—dazed.

Still throb those words upon mine ear,
Yet follow me the sigh, the tear;
The face I saw in spirit dear
Was one I knew and loved once here.

THE MELODIO GERM.

On looking into the different departments of the physical world, our curiosity is excited by the discovery that all things therein, which present such varied, bewildering, and bewitching phenomena, can be reduced either to their constituent parts, and so on *infinito* to atoms; or, they can be traced with unerring certainty to their respective germs, wherein the life principle from which they spring lies wrapped in mystery, before which, face to face with its God, the finite mind of man stands amazed and dazed. With haughty mien, these tiny atoms, energized with gravity and motion, proudly point to the universe with all its potency, as their great unit—their supreme resultant. So, too, with pride excessive, points the mystic germs to mighty life, with all its developments, and achievements, its inherited

and inheritable glory, as its marvelous issue and incomprehensible ultimate. One of the leading attributes of this sublime unit, the physical world, is that known by the term acoustics; which is of such extension and so universal in its laws as to form a distinct department in the science of physics. As sound, under certain conditions, has the power to generate or awaken emotions, we are pleased to ascribe to it an element of life, harboring invisible germs, so to speak, as varied in their character as the affections of the human heart.

Now, all tone-material is of the acoustic world and subject to its laws. It may be said that every melodic idea, or melody, as well as every musical production of whatever kind or form, has its melodic germ or germs, which the ear easily identifies, and which, by repetition, variation, or evolution, multiply, and develope into tone-creations of greater or less magnitude, until we have the Sonata, the Symphony, or the Oratorio—rivaling even the

music of the spheres, and transporting us in delirious joy.

If it be true that these emanate from what we are pleased to term the melodic germ, with what interest and tender affection should such be sought for and considered. Of all the great masters of composition, none, perhaps, appreciated this more than did Beethoven, in whose works we find this germ or these germs quite pronounced and highly developed.

HOW IDENTIFIED.

Whenever two or more notes equal or unequal in value, one of which has an accent to indicate its life, immediately succeed each other, and are melodically connected and dependent one upon the other for the melodic sense they express,—there, is exhibited a melodic germ. This, however, is not the parent germ from which all melodic germs spring. This parent germ is represented by the whole note, the unit of all melodic germs. By dividing and subdividing this unit—the whole

note—there is evolved a variety of melodic germs, affording material for the formation of a great variety of *melodic designs*. Thus, the whole note equally divided gives us two half notes, the first evolved germ. The second division gives us four quarter notes, the second evolved germ. By continuing this process up to what is denominated the sixty-fourth note, still other germs are evolved, until, as a result, there lies spread out before us an equal and progressive division of the whole note—the *parent* germ, with its family of melodic germs. It will be observed that this act is easily performed, that even a child, knowing how to divide, can do it. The next and advanced step in this process of development is a trifle more difficult, but still quite as mechanical as the first, as it requires no genius to perform it. It is the act of selecting and joining together two or more of the germs evolved by the division of the whole note, and thus forming a melodic link or design. This will be longer or shorter according to the

number of germs or notes consecutively connected to form such, without reference to the measure or the time in which they are to be executed. When this act is performed it will be noticed that the emotional character of the links or designs thus formed, that is, whether pleasing or otherwise—whether serious or gay, depend upon the character of the fragments or subdivisions of the whole note that have been chosen and joined together, as well as upon whether they move skipping about much or little upon the staff, and also upon the rapidity of the motion used in executing them.

There is much more, in connection with illustrations, that might be said upon the matters herein presented, that might prove to be of profit and interest; but we will conclude with a simple reminder of the time-worn truth and adage that: "Oaks from little acorns, grow,"—a maxim with a warning voice ever heard in clarion tones at the gates and within the corridors of the temple of universal art. Who-

ever, then, would secure the key that shall pass him beyond the gates and into the temple of worthy achievements, must be content to linger long enough among the germs or first principles of his art to acquire and use them with efficiency.

"There's not the smallest orb which thou behold'st
But in his motion like an angel sings,
But, whilst this muddy vesture of decay
Doth grossly close it in, we cannot hear it.
The man that hath no music in himself,
Nor is not mov'd with concord of sweet sounds,
Is fit for treasons, stratagems, and spoils:
The motions of his spirit are dull as night,
And his affections dark as Erebus.
Let no such man be trusted."

—*Shakespeare.*

MUSIC,
THE "HEAVENLY MAID."

How strange is thy mission, thy dual life
here,
With a song at the cradle and one at the
bier,
With a song for vile Bacchus as he reels at
the feast,
And one for the saint, as he prays with
the priest!

We find thee disporting with evil and
good!
How strange!—"Heavenly Maid"—How
misunderstood!
The tyrant, brute hearted, finds joy in the
lyre!
Lo! Nero he fiddles while Rome is on
fire!

Thy strains on the air the fierce battle
urge!
Then mingle thy notes with the sobs of the
dirge;
The battle now over, thy notes did in-
spire—
The orphan now hears thy sweet voice in
the choir.

Pray tell us, Sweet Maid, from thy home
in the sky—
What place have brute Nero and Bacchus
on high?
Do their voices there blend with the harp
or the lyre?
Or have they no place in the Angelic
Choir?

THE MELODIC DESIGN.

In the preceding essay, entitled "The Melodic Germ," I considered, by way of analogy, the whole note as the *parent germ* of all musical germs, and sought to show that from a division and subdivision of it, there would evolve a variety of material for the formation of melodic designs. We now drop this analogy, which has served our purpose, and observe that the whole note, in and of itself, as well as its fractional parts, is as lifeless and devoid of content, as are figures or words.

The whole note only *represents* a unit of time, as do notes of lessor value, fractions of shorter duration; it and they being only characters used to indicate the length of *time* that the sounds which they represent occupy or engage the attention of the ear, and not

the eye. This they do and nothing more. And although they do but this, their value and meaning to the musician are as living realities. To him the sight of them is sufficient to start into life and motion about his disciplined ear, the melodies or harmonies they represent, just as the sight of words, when formed into sentences and placed before the sight of those who understand their meaning, brings before their vision, scenes, situations and events, identical with or similar to those they have experienced.

Apparent as this is, worthless indeed are notes or words to one who would compose, but who has no ideas of his own or another to express. But how, it may be asked, are these ideas obtained? From whence do they come? Are they to be found by wistfully looking into the face of nature; or rambling among its romantic and beauty-bedecked fields and hills; or visiting its inspiring haunts? No, no! These may excite and serve to inspire, but will not create.

Sound is not a visible object, like a bird, a deer, a flower, or a bee, whose size, form, color, and habits, the eye can see, and the pen with words set forth in verse or prose. It has no external marks. The eye cannot perceive it, hence it cannot describe it; being, as it is, a hidden property of creation, something felt but not seen; a sort of abstraction, akin to what is termed a concept. It is, however, capable of organization; and its divine attributes can be made to delight the ear and inspire the heart, as effectually as can that invisible and subtle something called electricity be organized for the service of man.

To effect this organization, sound is subjected to certain, fixed, vibratory laws of a musical character, and then regulated by those of rhythm, so as to pass in review before the melodic or harmonic ear and meet its approval. But enough of this. We now proceed to show what a melodic idea is and how it is formed or created.

HOW TO FORM DESIGNS.

The smallest possible, melodic fragment, is termed a design. It requires at least two notes, heard in succession, to form it, although it may consist of more than two. These can occur on one and the same or different degrees of the staff. When they occur on different degrees, the design that they form is more marked, since it is made of notes differing in pitch. Again, these notes may or may not be of the same denomination. If they are not, the design will be more striking, and still more so, if it moves up or down, or skips about upon the staff. This is the way to start into being a melodic idea. In this manner we find it, and in this way we form it. This feature of the work is purely mechanical. So far it requires not the mind of a genius. Note what a variety of designs these little melodic links can form by combining notes of different denominations and arranging them differently each time.

But these little designs, divine sparks of melody, interesting though they be, cannot alone form a melody, no more than can two or three words tell a story; they simply start it, suggest it, and form a link of it.

Having formed a design, the next thing in order, is to know how to develop it, so as to form a melody.

DEVELOPMENT OF DESIGNS.

The only way to develop a musical design so it will form a melodic idea—a small section of melody, or a complete one—is by repeating it in its own or other keys. In this way, and this way only, does melodic development take place. In a musical composition, to develop is to repeat in various ways that which has already been set forth.

MELODIC IDEAS.

A melodic idea can be formed of either a single design, or of two or more designs combined, if they be short ones. The distinction between a design and a melodic

idea is found in the fact that the latter must have, at least, a one-fourth cadence, a repose point; equivalent to a comma, whereas a design, being, as it were, but a single word, and not a phrase, cannot express enough to demand a cadence. Herein lies the distinction between these two fragments of melody.

In many instances, however, a design, in and of itself, is of sufficient length to form a melodic idea—a small section of melody—and ends in a one-fourth cadence, the smallest point of melodic repose. Sometimes this point of repose is a one-half cadence, like a semi-colon, but such is not the law or rule of a design proper.

VARIETY OF DESIGNS

It will be noticed that a variety of these designs can be formed, just as a variety of designs or patterns for wall paper or other things can be formed, and which are sometimes called figures. Designing, then, it will be observed, involves invention, and calls into

action a creative imagination, which becomes stronger and more efficient, ready and rapid, if constantly exercised.

Be it remembered, then, that a melody is composed of designs—melodic fragments—complete in themselves—even as the earth is composed of atoms; and by the repetition—the development of these designs—a short or long melody is produced; whose beauty or striking qualities are to be traced to and found in the one or more designs that have been linked together in repetition.

Thus we see the beginning and the end of a melody; where to find and how to form a variety of melodic ideas.

COMMON-PLACE IDEAS.

When we hear a melody that is commonplace, it is because its designs are so. Some designs are striking and fascinating, like some faces, or bits of landscape. These, when properly selected and developed, with their cadences and modulations, make a striking

or fascinating tone-picture; one recognized, appreciated and sought by lovers of music.

When I studied with the well known author and theorist, Prof. Richter, at the Leipsic Conservatory of Music, in 1870, I noticed that he had a little book in which he had written a great variety of designs for ready use as occasion might require. He said to me: "These are my gems."

In conclusion, let me say to those who would improve themselves in the art of writing melodies: Make designs! Make as many as you can! Play them! Sing them! Note their weak and strong points; why some have greater individuality than others, etc.

Then link one or more of the homogeneous ones together, and repeat them—thus stretching them out—into a complete melody. In this way, sure as day follows night, melodies will come forth in great profusion and variety; success will follow earnest and well directed efforts.

AT WOODLAND VESPERS.

I strolled and mused through weird fres-
cades,
Among wild grottoes and cascades;
Where perfumed air and singing bird
My spirit soothed—reflection stirred.

While gazing on a thought that sprang
From memory's youthful bower and sang;
An angel came, as an angel could,
And reigned o'er Solitude—there in the
wood.

Then, holy the place and holy the scene,
As day was declining in twilight serene;
The angel presided in sweetness supreme,
O'er woodland and bird and fading sun-
beam.

A note now of reverence, from trumpet is
heard,
The angel calls "Vespers" to woodland and
bird;
Now silent, quiescent,—bird, insect and bee,
Now quiet the breezes in leaf covered tree.

Now, softly and sweetly on summer eve's air,
Where spirits abide in abodes that are fair;
Sweet music transporting floats up every-
where,
A mingling of praise with a breathing of
prayer.

Dear Talien, some of heaven and its rapture
was there,
Ah! might you have been there a blessing
to share;
Away from the rude of the world and its
glare
At Vespers—with Nature—our souls whisp-
ering prayer.

MELODIO MOODS.

By way of introduction, it may be said that the life of man is one of sunshine and shadow. His passage from the cradle to the grave is one of variant moods. Now his heart beats quick in joyous anticipation; later it quivers in grief or apprehension. His lot is a day of the sweet and a night of the bitter: a mixture of moods. He is a smile, a laugh, a song; a sigh, a tear, a wail, a groan.

These emotions of a brighter or a darker hue have their analogies in color and sound, and may be classified and termed the lights and shades of his earthly existence. And as the artist of color, with brush and pigments, can these awaken, excite, disperse, or depict; so, also, can the tone-artist, though to an infinitely higher degree, set in vibration, with voice or instrument, each and every shade of

emotion known to the human heart. Such is the subtle power of melody and harmony. Recognizing this truth, Martin Luther, the great reformer, said, "Next to theology, it is to music, that I give the highest place and the greatest honor:" And, although not quite so lofty in terms, yet more touching and abiding, sang the charming poet, Keats, in the following spirit-woven strain: "Let me have music dying, and I ask no more delights." Within its divine domain, he found lights and shades to blend and vibrate with those of the heart in its darkest as well as in its brightest hour; strains divine, to waft the soul, wreathed in smiles, beyond the clouds to its eternal home. These pleasing realities and analogies lead us to seek the origin of melodic moods, and to study their formation.

MOOD OF SCALES.

The two main sources of melodic light and shade, lie slumbering within the major

and the minor scales. In these the tone-artist finds his material for designs of divers moods. In the major scales—light predominates; in those of the minor—shade is supreme. The former correspond to the lighter and happier emotions; while the latter answer to those of an opposite character.

These analogies are apparent to every discriminating ear. A melody set in a major scale is more cheerful than one set in a minor. True, melodies of a pensive kind are found and can be formed in the major scales; but the shade or sadness of such melodies does not arise from the general character or mood of these scales, but rather from the sympathetic nature of the intervals selected and the manner of their succession in the formation of such melodies, as well as from the slow, wavy, and dreamy movement assigned to them. As evidence of the correctness of this impression, we refer to those fireside and devotional melodies, so universally known; as, "Home, Sweet Home;" and, "Nearer, My

God, to Thee." The same may be said of nearly all diatonic and winding melodies of hypnotic motion.

MOOD OF INTERVALS.

As the scales have their moods, so, likewise, have the intervals. Some of these are very pronounced; especially is this true of the minor, the diminished, and the augmented intervals. How sad and sympathetic, the minor third; also the minor sixth. How beseeching and full of pathos, the minor seventh; and how especially true is this of the diminished seventh. And who can hear the augmented fifth, or the augmented sixth, without a feeling of solicitude akin to pity? Melodies into which these are woven, play directly upon the heart. They set in motion its chords of sympathy, and cause it to respond to the general mood diffused and vibrating through the melodic designs that have been so united as to blend in a melodic whole.

The moods of the remaining intervals of the scales do not seem to appeal so much to the heart as they do to the intellect. This is particularly true of the perfect intervals; namely, the fourth, the fifth, and the octave, which seem to be of a thoughtful or reasoning character. This is their speculative or meditative mood.

We recognize them by their strong, positive, or negative character. They are stoical, neutral, and unsympathetic; they impart to melody strength and vitality.

As to the major intervals, they may be said to occupy a middle ground. They abide in neither the heart nor the head, but stand between, with their neutral moods, ready for service on either side. They sympathize, however, more readily with the moods of the minor intervals.

Thus, it will be noticed that there are four distinct classes of intervals; that each class has an individuality, or mood, of its own; that they are rich in variety and beautifully

adapted to the formation of every species of melody.

MOOD OF MELODIC MOTION.

The *entire* mood of a melody, however, is not to be found in the scale or scales in which the melody is written, nor in the intervals used in its formation, but, in a degree, in its motion and the course of its movements upon the staff. Therein we find not only its life, but also its total or joint mood. One realizes this as a melody marches or glides along more or less rapidly in a direct, zigzag, or meandering manner and rhythmical order through measured space upon the staff, stimulated by accent and refreshed by candences.

Thus moving, it bears on the wings of its motion, not only the moods of its scales and intervals, but also the mood of its motion. Yes, there is such a thing as mood in melodic motion. And, as there is a variety of movements, and as each variety has its own particular mood, it is clear that in different mel-

odic motions, there are several distinct moods, which correspond, in a general way, to the different moods already mentioned.

Sentiments and emotions of happy life, are light of heart and light of step. Hence, melodic movements expressive of such ought to be of a corresponding character. To picture such emotions in melodic designs sluggish at heart, and in motion funereal in step, would be to express them in a mood of design and one of motion better suited to the grave, the stern, or the gloom of life. In such a case, there would be a conflict of moods—a cross relation—which would result in an effect quite other than that desired or anticipated by the composer; and would tend to neutralize or destroy much of the merit that his melody might otherwise possess.

The inner life, the spirit of a melody, reports itself to the ear in the speed and path-way of its motion. It carries with it two distinct moods; namely, one of motion, and one of direction. By the former term

we mean the mood of its *degree* of motion; by the latter, the line of march that it pursues in its onward movement upon the staff, independent of its speed. As it proceeds, it may ascend or descend upon the staff; or it may move straight ahead; or, again, it may take a roving, or zigzag line, like a meadow or mountain brook. Each of these movements has its personal mood. What a variety of scales, intervals, designs, path-ways and degrees of motion, with their respective moods, at the composer's command!

The melody of a heart joyous from love, plenty, and leisure, expresses its melodic mood in waltzing, or skipping to and fro upon the staff; while one laden with the sorrows, disappointments, and lamentations of life, finds its echo in a melody whose course is diatonic or undulating, with a degree of motion that is sluggish, weary, or despondent.

Thus, it will be seen that the character of a melody depends much upon the path it takes in making its way upon the staff.

Again, that the mood of its path-way can be lost or smothered by giving to it a degree of motion whose mood is averse or foreign to that of the former. True, then, moods have *tempo*; and it is also true that moods of motion and those of direction ought to blend, otherwise, there is a cross relation, detrimental, if not destructive, to melodic merit.

MOOD OF PERIODS.

As is well known, a melody can be of a length sufficient to require in its formation several distinct, yet related, periods. Through each and all of these there may run but one sentiment or prevailing mood. As an example of such we refer to Sullivan's "Sweet and Low," whose hypnotic movements and *tempo* are quite uniform throughout, and exquisitely suited to its verse or text. Another perfect example is Schubert's "Serenade," in which the heart sings but one mood or passion, that of love; and whose only variation from beginning to end is that of in-

tensity. The same is true of Gottschalk's "Last Hope," wherein is to be found the spirit of but one mood, breathing through all its periods, with a degree of motion but slightly varied. Such pieces, true to nature, live forever,

But from what we have said it must not be inferred that each and all of the periods of a melody must invariably have but one and the same mood. The text or verse before the composer may contain a variety of moods, in which case, the melodic mood of one period ought, of necessity, to differ from that of each of the other or remaining periods representing different moods of verse. This would be true to nature, true to life; for individuals are not always in the same mood of heart or frame of mind, nor are all scenes or events; hence, the necessity of varying a melody on its way through a series of periods so as to make it conform to the different moods expressed in the verse or text of which it is the exponent. For

instance, in a melody of three periods, the first of these might represent the heart in its gayety; the second, might express it in a state of despair; while the third, might represent its return to hope and fruition, in accordance with the moods as they may occur in the verse or text controlling it. The same is true in ideal composition, where there is no text or verse with fixed moods to govern; but where the composer is fancy free to select his own moods and pass from one to another *adlibitum*, as his genius and the laws of affinity, or contrast, may direct; thus weaving the divine threads of his celestial art into songs without words—symphonies—sonatas—and like productions.

Finally, we would add, that the psychological and esthetical views herein so imperfectly represented, cannot be regarded with indifference or ignored by those who aspire to real merit or fame in musical composition. To disregard these underlying principles and their affinities, is to meet with failure by ignoring the divine in art.

THE FLOWERS STILL BLOOM.

The flowers still bloom as when we met,
Where silver brook runs laughing yet;
There still the soft, sweet zephyrs play,
And nightingale sings her sweet lay;
There stars yet shine bright o'er the way,
Where forth we strolled in twilight gray;
And echoes answering echoes tell
Words that our hearts remember well.

There, as the dew drops gently fell,
My proud heart dared its love to tell;
I loved thee then, I love thee now—
A love more pure ne'er heart did vow.

I still in dreams admiring trace
A Paradise in thy sweet face;
Thy tender voice and queenly grace,
Still haunt my soul, naught can efface.

Oh cruel Fate! that did us part!
That would invade and wreck my heart!
Yet deigned no recompense to give
Save only this: it bade me live
To sigh, and weep, and long, and grieve,
For what I lost, beyond retrieve!
Perhaps 'tis best—but angels know,
That thee I love as years ago.

THE ANGELS KNOW.

The angels see—the angels know
Why mamma loves her baby so;
A sense so pure, so all divine,
One cannot reason—nor define.

Yet, mothers know 'tis not the same
That lovers feel when they it name;
A mother's love lies deep beneath
The love that weaves the bridal wreath.

The nightingale sings sweet her song,
As lovers stroll the woods along;
But morning stars and angels sing
When they pure natal bells hear ring.

O, baby mine!—treasure divine!
My heart is full—my life is thine;
May angels be thy guide and mine,
Let me the oak be—thou the vine.

AN OPPORTUNITY.

How often we hear it said, that when an opportunity presents itself, this, that, or something, will or should be said or done concerning some particular person or thing. Yet, it is quite likely that few who use the term fully realize what it means. This, perhaps, is due to the fact that the word opportunity denotes what is largely abstract and invisible in its nature, that no particular object corresponding to it appears, or can be made to appear to the physical eye. If it were the name of some sensible object, as a tree or a rose; in short, if it were a concrete term, denoting some individual thing with well defined qualities or properties, the mind would more readily grasp its meaning and recognize its appearance. Still, it may be observed that though, like many other terms,

it denotes that which is neither wholly concrete nor abstract in its nature, yet there are what may be termed several elements or factors which combine to form it, and which render it susceptible of being analyzed, examined, and defined.

These elements, or factors, as one may choose to call them, are time, place, and circumstances, though, strictly speaking, time and place are circumstances, since they form no part of anything, they being simply attendants. However, they seem to the mind like realities, like distinct elements, accompanying every event or thing, and are so regarded, recognized, and valued in the life and affairs of men. Hence, we so regard and distinguish them.

Yes, everything that is or happens, seems to be at liberty in space, and afloat upon the current of time. In fact, the mind cannot well conceive of anything as being or happening without these two attending elements. They are essential and universal conditions,

attending, as already stated, every opportunity. They, of course, are not so in the sense of being visible, concrete things, or attributes, but so in a sense more subtle, of which one is conscious but cannot well define. Again, they are divided, and sub-divided, and act as two chief regulators in the transactions of human affairs. Were it not for them chaos would abound, and the mind of man would be but little more than a mad-house. We need not dwell upon this thought; it requires no vivid imagination to picture the consequences that would flow from the loss of them. Wipe out these two *a priori* elements, and away goes mathematics, language, history, and tradition, and man is left a wandering idiot in the wilds of chaos.

But let us look at the above assumed qualities of these two elements. We hear it said that there is a time and a place for everything; that there is a time to sow and a time to reap; a time to speak and a time to remain silent; a proper time and place to

do this or that. That this is true, experience teaches. Certain times and places are more appropriate or favorable than others for the success of some undertakings. Hence, time and place may be said to be, in respect to quality, either good, or bad; better, or best; according to the nature or character of an occasion or undertaking.

History supplies many examples of failure due to the fact that certain things were not undertaken when they should have been; or were undertaken at a wrong point of time, too soon or too late for success. Striking examples of such are to be found in the lives of many individuals as well as in those of nations. We will not undertake to recite them. The student of history and biography will easily recall such. They are to be found on the battle-field, in the halls of legislation, and in the life-time of every individual. Shakespeare realized the truth of this when he said, "There is a tide in the affairs of men which, taken at the flood, leads on to

fortune." Here, "at the flood," is the time element. And as "time and tide wait for no man," he who is not ready or fails to avail himself of these while they are passing, misses an opportunity which may never return to him; because an opportunity is brief in its existence and has its own time and tide. But if time is a positive element of an opportunity, ever attending and essential to it, so also is place. Both of these are, as it were, dictatorial in their nature, and mark an opportunity as being favorable or unfavorable for the doing or undertaking of a thing. Therefore it is that we assign to them the qualities above mentioned and use such in speaking of these two factors, according to the nature of the circumstances of the thing undertaken. In nature, these time and place elements are *a priori* and usually unmistakably fixed, and so denote themselves. And although they may vary a little now and then, yet they are so certain that even the scientist relies on them.

These twin elements, time and space, are to be noticed in the movements of the heavenly bodies as they rotate through the centuries in their appointed orbits with a regularity that is as admirable as it is astonishing. Were it otherwise naught but chaos would prevail, and there could be no such thing as the science of astronomy.

Again, the seasons, spring, summer, autumn, and winter, regularly come and go, marking not only the time but the place for man to sow, and to reap. In fact, everywhere in nature, everything manifests itself at certain times and places, occurring and recurring with a regularity that gives to man a scientific basis to work upon, thus enabling him to predict results with a certainty that is sublimely marvelous. Were it not for these friendly certainties in nature, there could be no moral certainties, since upon the former, the latter, in a great degree, are based.

But we not only find these *a priori* elements in the heavens and on the earth dic-

tating the time and the place for physical occurrences, but we find that man is governed by them in his business and social affairs, recognizing them as distinct elements. Again, there is the infant, the adolescent, the adult, and more mature periods of his existence, each furnishing its own appropriate and corresponding opportunities.

But the character of the place element is often more important in the formation of a friendly opportunity, than the attending time element. The time for action may be propitious, while the place may not. It may be spring, the time to sow, if one would reap, yet it would be out of place to sow seeds upon a rock, upon an ocean wave, or upon the sands of a desert. Here then we see that the time and the place are not in harmony with the nature of things. Hence it is that the words *when* and *where* are so full of significance and so intimately connected. How often we hear it said that this is neither the time nor the place to say or do a certain

thing; or, again, this is the time, but not the place. So, an opportunity may present itself, but be defective in the one or the other of these particulars.

But it takes more than these elements, essential though they be, to form a good opportunity. It requires a suitable combination of conditions or circumstances. Such a set of conditions or circumstances, including suitable time and place, make a good opportunity. Of these there are many. Life is full of them, small and great, scattered here and there. Some of these are appropriate and adapted to the successful undertaking of some one thing; and some, to another. But it frequently happens that a set of circumstances, at first sight, appears to be suitable, but which, upon close examination, proves defective in some one of its constituent parts. Yes, these combinations, like some other things in life, are not always what they seem to be. In fact, they are frequently very deceptive and require the close and intelligent

inspection of an honest expert, which often results in finding the examined set broken or defective. Again, while a set or combination of conditions or circumstances may contain each constituent part, some one or more of these parts may be out of due proportion with the other parts, thus making the set, as a whole, imperfect and unworthy for the purpose in view. Therefore it is that in a suitable combination, affording a good opportunity, there must not only be the required number of parts, but a reasonable proportion must exist among the parts.

So, then, if something is lacking that expert experience and reason requires, the absence of such impairs the opportunity, so far making it defective; and, if used, this defect may be the cause of but partial success, if not total failure.

Again, an opportunity, like an individual, lives and dies. Some of these are very fleeting in their nature, coming and going with their own particular brief tide of events. They

must be seized, if at all, upon the wing, as it were, for if allowed to pass without notice, they are forever lost. Hence it is that the wise man is ever on the alert and ready to seize his passing opportunity.

But, it may be asked, what are the marks of a good opportunity? Has it marks by which it can be distinguished from other things that are passing, as one might distinguish a friend or an acquaintance from strangers whom he meets here and there? Yes, but not with the same ease or degree of certainty, as will appear. Now, as stated, one set or combination of circumstances may be favorable to some one particular undertaking, while another set may be so to some other and different undertaking.

Therefore, it is very apparent that before one can say that this or that set of circumstances or conditions is suited to the attainment of a desired end or object, the end or object in view must first be definitely determined, and not lie in the mind in general

desire; just as one must know definitely what point of the compass he would reach before he can intelligently select from a number of routes the proper one running in that direction; or, again, as an artist must know the object to be painted before he can select for his palette suitable colors. The object or end, when determined, should and usually does, suggest the means or conditions suitable for its attainment. These objects, or ends in life, are as numerous and various as the tastes, views, and abilities, of different individuals. Each of them has its one or more appropriate opportunities.

This leads us in passing to remark that there are natural and artificial opportunities. Nature in her various domains supplies the former, while the ingenuity of man makes the latter. Lord Bacon says, "a wise man will make more opportunities than he finds." And true it is. If one has a particular talent that he would display, or some object he would accomplish, he will generally seek an oppor-

tunity for it, and not finding it, he will try to create or bring about a condition of things that will call that talent into exercise, or obtain that object. He will do so by getting others interested in some subject or object that demands organization for its growth and development, and thereby create an opportunity for the use or display of his said talent. In this sense, the wise man makes more opportunities than he finds.

The ambitious man is always seeking an opportunity for the use, display, and fruition of his talents. If he be an orator, he seeks the opportunities that will enable him to display his genius. If he is warlike in his nature, with like abilities, he seeks the hostile camp or the battle-field.

But opportunities, or certain situations or conditions in the affairs of men, invite men ready and equipped to cope with them, even as men seek them for the exploitations of their desires and ambitions. Then it is that the statesman—the patriot—the warrior

—or the hero—is discovered, or makes himself known. Then it is that new names are written on the scroll of honor and fame. Then it is that “the die is cast,” that a Caesar; a Washington; a Napoleon; a Wellington; a Lincoln; a Grant; or a Dewey, becomes famous and historical. Again, circumstances created by others, frequently make men; circumstances that are not found in the ordinary walks of life nor in the lifetime of every individual. When these rare occasions do appear, they serve as a tide to bear those prepared and able to ride thereon to fame or fortune.

But let it be observed that talents without opportunities are worthless; both are essential to the aspiring mind. Ambition and a will to do or die, can achieve nothing without them. And these must not only exist, but both must meet and work together, otherwise they might as well not be. But where they exist, and jointly work with a spirit of determination, mighty deeds may be

expected as a result. Then tyranny and oppression may be dethroned, and in their place justice and liberty appear; then the earth, ever friendly, smiles in abundance, and the sweet voice of freedom fills the air with music and gladness.

But opportunities do not always seek men, they are sought by the ambitious. This is especially true of those opportunities that nature offers in her every domain. The natural resources of a country, with a beautiful climate, may possess opportunities for the acquisition of wealth; here and there within its boundaries may be established for the acquisition and distribution of knowledge the best of institutions, where truth, civil, moral, and religious, is taught; and yet, each and every one of these will be to those who neglect to seek or use them, as though they did not exist, as lost or unimproved opportunities. So, then, to be of practical value to one, either natural or made opportunities must be sought or seized by him who would enjoy their benefits.

Again, opportunities, other than those that the natural resources of a country offer, are chiefly the products of liberty; such as freedom of speech—freedom of press—freedom of conscience—each and all of these develop the man and permit him to make the most of the best within him. Hence it is, that a country where these God-given rights exist, where they are recognized and exercised—and where nature is bountiful, such a country offers the largest and the best number of opportunities for the growth, development, and happiness of man. True, some of these may not be used; or, again, they may be used—but abused. But such neglect or abuse cannot impair their virtue; they will firmly and serenely stand to accuse and shame those who spurn or fail to use them, as well as those who use but abuse them.

Yes, these opportunities are found wherever the spirit of man is free to exercise itself within the limits of justice cultivated and approved by reason. There he is to

be found in his best estate. But where Liberty is shakled, there ever lurks the spirit of revolt and revenge, ready and waiting its opportunity to use the dagger or the torch.

Well, is there such a country where ideal opportunities abound? Yes, America! She is certainly a sweet land of liberty! "the home of the brave and the free!" A country where head—heart—and conscience is free! A country that tolerates neither king—caste—priest—craft—nor imperial craft! A country with a government of the people—by the people—for the people—and whose motto is—LIBERTY and EXCELSIOR!

"Master of human destinies am I.

Fame—love—and fortune on my footsteps wait,

Cities and fields I walk; I penetrate

Deserts and seas remote, and, passing by

Hovel, and mart, and palace, soon or late

I knock unbidden once at every gate!

If sleeping, wake—if feasting, rise before

I turn away. It is the hour of fate."

—John J. Ingalls.

A WRECK.

So slouchy, so shabby, and slothful he
came,
He looked like a storm beaten wreck off
the main;
A friend, once so proud, now so broken, so
tame,
Just a speck of the past, an object of
shame.

Yes, well I remember the time of his youth,
His pride and ambition, his research for
truth;
How oft he "Excelsior" wrote for his name,
And sounded the key note of honor and
fame.

His eye then was true, and his voice then
was sweet,
Then walked he erect, and looked well on
the street,
The best then did think him an honor to
meet,
And sought his resort as a classic retreat,

Now, bent is his form and halting his gait,
His spirit is broken, his motto is—"Wait!"
His future, once bright, stubborn folly did
blight,
A wreck is he now, one sad, sorry sight.

Alas! there is many a wreck on the shore,
That would with sin sail, and life's evils
explore,
Alas! there is many a heart that is sore,
Lamenting, "what might have been," now,
as of yore.

ANTICIPATION.

It is a familiar saying that anticipation yields more pleasure than participation; that what the head and the heart desire and expect affords greater pleasure than that derived from its actual possession; that in waiting for what one desires, or being in pursuit of it, the anticipated pleasure thus experienced, is far in excess of that which comes from the sense of being in possession. That this is true in many cases, one's own experience and observation attest. Yet, it is not true in all cases, for it often happens that the pleasure actually derived from a thing in possession, far exceeds that which comes from anticipation, or the pursuit of it. The reason of this may be found either in the nature or character of that which is desired and sought, or in the character of those who pursue and anticipate, or possibly in both.

Some things are as fickle and fleeting as the butterfly days of youth, while others are of a more substantial and permanent character.

In youth, the heart's chief occupation is to dream and anticipate. Then it is that bright pictures in the distant light not only captivate, but excite desire and hot pursuit. Then it is that the will-o-the-wisps of life successfully invite; that the fields of Utopia are alive with bewitching, alluring and delusive fantasies. Then it is, that the heart and the mind are most intense in desire, the happiest in anticipation, and the most restless, zealous, and fickle. In this season of one's life, all is novelty. Then, curiosity is ever on the alert and seldom satisfied. Then, the spirit of adventure and change is ever rampant. Then, things are pursued and won to be later rudely tossed aside or abandoned when something new and seemingly better presents itself. Yes, such are surely butterfly days. Again, it is the season of plan-

ning and sowing to the happy song of promise and the buoyant thought of sweet fruition. Then it is, in early manhood or womanhood, when the heart is young and gay, that air castles are built, that the happiness which comes from the possession of things is apt to be over estimated by feverish anticipation. It is well, perhaps, that it is so. But later in life, when disappointment has tempered the love of novelty and the spirit of adventure; when one has learned in loss or in tears that all is not gold that glitters; that "there is many a slip 'twixt the cup and the lip," and that to have and retain that which gives moderate and sane pleasure with a reasonable assurance that it will be permanent is the better; then it is that the heart is not so easily captivated, or led astray. Then it is that one is not so prone to part with or abandon the tried and the true,—and rush in hot pursuit after the strange and fascinating in anticipation of deriving from such pleasures fresh and more satisfy-

ing than those enjoyed in things already possessed. Hence, the saying, that one should live two lives in order to know how to live one well. If this could be, many, no doubt, would be able to write success and happiness where now they write but failure and misery.

However, in one sense, the entire life of every individual is one of anticipation. Yes, every life has its springtime, its summer, its autumn, and its winter, through each of which is heard, in a degree more or less intense, the rippling notes of glad anticipation. So, while it may be true that one must look into the youthful heart to see this maid of fancy in her most fascinating colors, one can, nevertheless, find her in the heart at all stages of life, more or less attractively, though less poetically attired. Yet, it will be observed that a very large proportion of individual as well as social life, is found roaming within the gay and fascinating fields of anticipation.

But amidst pleasures anticipated, there

runs an unseen path wherein often walks the ghastly and sickly figure of disappointment. Sad, indeed, the time when this spirit meets the gay and deceptive siren of the heart. Especially is this true in the winter of life, when the life line of hope is feeble or broken and naught is heard within the corridors of the heart save the voice of despair, and the spirit of adventure sinks forever into a consciousness of being a victim of fantastic anticipation.

But there are anticipations that carry with them sweet and trustworthy assurances of joys to be realized; that give elasticity to the step, color to the cheek, and fill the heart with music; that assure one that in due time success and true enjoyment shall surely emerge from an honest chase or a patient wait. Underlying this kind of anticipation, is the fixed law that as one sows so shall he reap. Like produces like. This is as true in matters of the heart and the head and in all human affairs, as it is in the

provinces of the animal or the botanical world. There may be a few exceptions, but the rule holds good. Kindness, friendship, love, faithfulness to duty, veracity, justice, and benevolence, in short and in fact, all of the virtues when put into practice bring like returns. None can ignore or violate the laws of any one of these and reasonably anticipate pleasures worth enjoying or abiding. And this is as true in matters of national life as it is in those of an individual. The laws of nature and those of the human heart are in this respect very similar. True, they may be ignored by individuals, society, and nations, but a penalty more or less severe usually follows. As the years go by they furnish unmistakable evidence of the truth of what is here asserted. In the history of nations it appears as well as in the lives of the great departed. Imperial Rome avariciously and licentiously anticipated, and, in her wild and unjust pursuits for greater glory, lost what glory she possessed and enjoyed. Na-

poleon, in his selfish desire and anticipation of extended power and additional glory, sought the same with cruel fervor and at the wanton sacrifice of the lives and rights of others, to meet, finally, defeat and disappointment and the ignominious death of a prisoner in exile.

History, both ancient and modern, is replete with instances of wanton effort inspired by selfish anticipation. In them we see a cruel and willful disregard of the rights and happiness of others, a violation of the plain virtues, that are always recognized and approved by the head and the heart in their best estate. It requires but a little reflection upon the part of the experienced and thoughtful of mature years, to realize that there are worthy and unworthy anticipations; that the former, from an inevitable law of nature, yields only pleasures true and abiding, while the latter, at the best, afford pleasures that are but fleeting, or that carry with them a sting of regret.

Anticipation, then, sweet siren of the heart, so wild in youth, and in old age not without her seductive influence, needs not only watching, but the counsel of experience and sober reason to check her faults and foibles; that those who listen to her gay and beguiling songs may not be led into the shades of disappointment and regret. This siren sings her captivating songs in every heart. Life indeed were gloomy without her. She paints the future in most fascinating colors, while hope, her companion, ever singing in the human breast, smiles and applauds. They seem to be twin sisters, although anticipation is the gayer of the two and inclined to be reckless and treacherous.



FOND MEMORY.

Within thy sacred precincts,
Where silence hath a throne,
Secure from all intrusion,
I wander oft alone.

And there my soul, enchanted,
Within thy holy bowers,
May read thy scroll of beauty
And gather rarest flowers.

Thy scroll of joys immortal,
Thy flowers that never die—
Those that the heart most cherished,
Bring they a laugh or sigh.

Within thy sacred gardens,
The dew-drop is the tear;
The notes I hear are other days
Sweet echoes, doubly dear.

There oft I roam at twilight—
The precious hour of day;
And muse and hold communion
With loved ones passed away.

A mother's voice comes to me,
I press a loving hand;
I feel a kiss upon my brow,
As touch of magic wand.

O memory! fond memory—
The laughter and the tears
That live for e'er within thy haunts
Are but the vanished years.

GOLDEN PILLARS OF LIFE'S TEMPLE.

The building of temples has been a passion of every age and of every people. The ancient world points to these as among the monuments of her past greatness, splendor, and triumphant lore.

They are the living, speaking voices of the great-dead past. They testify to the ruling passions of the ancient head, heart and soul, Each dominant passion had its god, or goddess; and each of these had his or her temple wherein there was the feast or worship. The votaries of vice in all its hideous forms lavished their skill and treasures on temples to Bacchus, the god of wine and revelry, while the lovers of virtue and wisdom erected temples to Vesta and Minerva. Thus, to vice or virtue—ignorance or wisdom, were erected temples. Many of these temples have been destroyed by the bloody hand of war and

the wasting elements; but the passions of men remain and rule as of yore.

The heirs of Christian civilization are adorning and glorifying the landscape everywhere with temples of learning, justice, and worship. The mighty spirit of the great dead past is here refined and emphasized in the more Christianized and civilized present, with a faith that builds beyond the stars and a hope that bears the soul to Heaven.

These great works of art, fashioned by the genius and skill of man, have their distinctive features, and vie with one another in their marked importance and architectural beauty. In the construction of them there are certain well defined laws that demand severe obedience, any violation of which condemns or renders defective the entire structure. The laws of unity, variety, symmetry and proportion must be obeyed or defect follows, nature herself is offended and hastens to condemn. To the architect who plans such noble structures, certain questions present them-

selves, such as the purpose to which the temple is to be dedicated, the height, the breadth, and the depth of its super-structure; the character and the weight of the material that is to be employed. Until these questions have been fully and well determined, nothing can be properly done.

Experience has taught that the foundation is of paramount importance, since the stability and permanency of the super-structure depend upon it. Hence the utmost care is urged that the foundation be laid to correspond with the purpose and weight of the super-structure. Many a fine temple has fallen during the process of its erection, or proved disappointing afterwards, from the want of sufficient care and skill at the inception or during its construction.

It might be entertaining and instructive were we to consider in detail the different architectural features of these material, soul-less temples, and in so doing call upon Egypt, Athens, Rome, and other ancient cities for

inspiration and illustrations. But it is sufficient for our purpose to notice simply the pillars of such.

That which imparts beauty, grandeur, and character to a temple are its pillars, while at the same time they serve as a support, and guarantee security against the violent assaults of the reckless and cruel elements. In the ancient temples, these pillars were numerous and costly, and imparted an air of stateliness and authority to their structures.

But these attractive and imposing monuments are as dreams of fancy when compared to the real temple of life, which we denominate character; that which cannot perish with fleeting time, and whose golden pillars are the *physical*, the *moral*, the *intellectual*, and the *spiritual* parts of our being. Now, every individual is here upon earth to build a temple, which, when completed, shall be to himself or herself a source of genuine pride and pleasure—to society an ornament, and unto God eternal glory. Various indeed are

its component parts, but when finished, its sum total is *character*. In its perfected state, it may be likened to the beautiful sun that swings in the blue vault of heaven like an angel's lamp, lighting and warming and gladdening the earth. Many are they who attempt to build this temple, but few, in fact, succeed. The vast majority worship at the feet of the gods of appetite and passion; build temples to Bacchus; court dissipation; jeer at virtue and scoff at rectitude.

As the material temple has its foundation, so, also, has Life's Temple. It has its beginning in your arms, fond mother; in your tender and holy caresses; in your sweet and loving lullabies; in your smiles of approval; in your counsel and in your dispassionate chidings. You may be to it what the morning sun and dew drop are to the budding flower; or, you may be to it as an early frost or a blighting wind. Yes, your every word, look, and act, contribute to the foundation of this beautiful, priceless temple,

Character. The songs you sing, live therein forever; the look you give, shall never disappear; your every tear and your every foot-fall shall be felt and be heard—echoed and re-echoed in every chamber of the sublime structure through all its temporal and celestial existence.

Again, much of its foundation is moulded in the school-room and in the house of worship. And here we are to remember that as the teacher is, so afterwards the pupil; the one, a Socrates, then the other, a Plato; the one, with a faith that looks with love for life beyond the clouds; then the other, buoyant with hope and the anticipations of another clime: Thus, the foundation is laid.

The physical part of one's being may be considered as one of the pillars of Life's Temple. A sound or healthy body well preserved is essential to character building; therefore, too much care cannot be taken that the laws of health be strictly obeyed; that the diet furnished be sufficient and whole-

some; the water, pure and electrifying. These with pure air and sunlight, proper exercise and amusement, with regular and timely hours of retirement, engender good blood in healthy circulation, which in return produces an active brain and a vigorous body. The laws of compensation and reciprocity stand forth prominently in all the works of nature. The flowers, for sunshine and showers, compensate with fragrance and beauty, while the rainbow of promise steps forth upon the balcony of the heavens. Whoever would cultivate and preserve these conditions of the brain and the body, must not and cannot dissipate the night or any part of it in vulgar dance-halls, grog-shops, gambling-dens and other cesspools of crime and iniquity. The laws of God are immutable; and the laws of health, are the laws of God. "As ye sow, so shall ye reap," is a fixed law, enacted by God. No man can repeal it, nor operate in opposition to it and reap otherwise. Hence it follows, that he who waits on Bacchus and pays tribute to the house-

hold of vice, shall loose his physical beauty, the pride of his manhood, one of the golden pillars of Life's Temple.

One who aspires to nobility of character, who would make the most of the best that is within him, whose motto is—*Excelsior*—stands aloof from such places; from their blighting and destructive influences; finds pleasure and strength in the elevating and invigorating atmosphere of the church, wherein is worshiped the true and living God. Places of learning, also, have an attraction for him. His sports are innocent and his walks are chaste. When night comes, we find him in the circle of home—sweet home—basking in the sunshine of innocent childhood and devoted wifehood. Lafayette, thou speakest well: Yes, where can a man better be than in the bosom of his family? There, is found the cradle and the spinning-wheel, youth and old age; there, hopes and fears, joys and sorrows, blend together. There we cherish, and there we build. There we live, and there we die—a

happy unit. Yes, no matter how humble, there is no place like home. Mother is there, that's enough. Aye, true it is, "The hand that rocks the cradle rules the world." A mother's love and a mother's blessing, her constant solicitude and devotion, her prayers and holy efforts, make sacred the home circle; gives to a nation a Washington, a Lincoln, or a Grant. Home is honored, a nation made, and a nation saved. No man can build well without mother; and mother without God is helpless.

The second golden pillar of Life's Temple is that of morality, the heart. Feeling generates thought and action, and action is everything. How important then that the heart should be right. There is some of Heaven and some of Hell in every man and woman; such is our heritage. Let us be grateful for the fall. Were it not so, where were the victory? The human heart is a reservoir of two great forces. From the one side flows the pure, sweet streams of sympathy, pity, charity,

forgiveness, friendship and love; while from the other side flows the inky, poisonous streams of envy, jealousy, hatred, revenge and murder. What a variety! What a mixture! What a study, is man! What a mystery to himself, and yet, what a sublime whole! The great master-piece of the Almighty! The object of the Cross, and the only heir to Life Eternal!

But these various and seemingly opposing elements of the heart, can be harmonized and regulated in their movements and operations, to the end that happiness and glory shall follow, even as the planets are directed and regulated in their movements by the divine mind.

Another golden pillar of Life's Temple is the intellect. There is nothing in the world but mind and matter in some form or other. Everything that is, may be classified under the one or the other of these terms. The one, superior; the other, inferior. The one, master; the other, slave. The one, per-

ishable; the other, imperishable; while back of all—before all—beneath all—above all—about all—permeating all—superior to all—directing and controlling all—and eternal to all—is God, the Creator of all. Superior to all but God, is mind. The intellect is king in this world, and its companion, the heart, is queen. The intellectual kingdom is superior to all other kingdoms—and the moral, the heart kingdom, is only second to it. Yet there are those who seem, from their mode of living, to regard appetite as king, and passion as queen. How many neglect the best part of their nature; spurn all efforts at intellectual and esthetical improvement, and waste their time in caring simply for the body, or in riotous living. True, the curse of God has made it necessary for man to earn his bread by the sweat of his brow; and labor thus performed is worthy of honor. It is not necessary, however, that he should spend all of his life in providing for the body. Caring solely for the physical part of

our nature is the lowest occupation that can engage man's attention. Were life's mission only to feed, water, blanket, and shelter this mortal mass of clay, life, then, were not worth the living, and we might well sing, "I would not live always." True, the body should be well taken care of—because it is the outer temple, the home of the head, the heart, and the soul. But it should remain servant, and should not be allowed to dictate, or dethrone its king and queen, the head and heart. We think too much of food, shelter and raiment. We are too fond of the society of Epicurus and Bacchus. The motto: "Eat, drink, and be merry, for to-morrow we die," is false and unbecoming to the spirit of lofty aspirations. Few of the millions that live ever reach the plane of true life. The hourly and daily concern of most of us is the palate and the looking-glass; something *good* to eat and something *nice* to wear, seasoned and ornamented with gossip or slander. The intellectual part of life is

neglected or ignored. The study of nature, so elevating, refining and quieting in its influences, is set aside as if it were a matter of no special importance to any except those who desire to use the knowledge thereof in the arts and for the purposes of barter and trade. What a *base* conception of life. The true, the beautiful and the wonderful in nature is seen, heard and felt, but not understood.

The untutored mind sees the beauties and wonders of the heavens; beholds the sun—the moon—the stars, and the lightning on its mad career through storm laden clouds, but naught else than fear and wonder attend the sight. But not so with the cultivated mind. The sun to it is the center of the solar system—a vast and wonderful body of light and heat, rotating, but stationary. and at a distance of ninety-one millions of miles from earth. A knowledge of its size, distance, substances and life-awakening and life sustaining qualities, fills the heart and mind of its beholder with

grand emotions and lofty thoughts. Fear and wonder is lost in quiet adoration and sublime contemplation of the Supreme Being. To such an one, things are not always what they *seem* to be, but what they *really* are. The nearest fixed stars to the informed mind are not a few miles away in the heavens, but are nineteen trillions of miles distant. The moon is not distributing its own light, but is reflecting the light of its superior, the sun. Thus the difference between the ignorant and the informed mind. The vision of one is short, superficial, misleading and full of error; the vision of the other, is far-reaching, penetrating, deep and comprehensive. The ignorant vision beholds and trembles; the enlightened vision beholds with admiration, adoration and worship.

The five senses of the uncultivated man afford him but little pleasure that the brute does not enjoy. He eats without any knowledge of the nature or properties of the food before him, as does the brute. The air he

breathes is simply air, and nothing more; so with the brute. That it contains oxygen, his life, is of no interest to him. He wants air, wants to breathe, that is all; so with the brute. To him all things of beauty, grandeur, and sublimity, are of no consequence aside from their gastronomic or sumptuary value. The life of such an one is gross and superficial. He lives and dies on the surface of things. He sees but little and aspires to nothing. He builds no temple, for he is short of material. He is short-sighted, short-eared, and short in spirit; yes, short in everything, except appetite and passion. He is a failure of his own volition. He is here filling space, and that is all. A man or woman who, in this, the twentieth century, surrounded with unlimited means of knowledge, shuffles along through life to the grave in ignorance, deserves to be censured and ridiculed. Light is all about us. We may, if we choose, look into the face of nature and understand her secrets, for science has un-

covered them. We live in an age of certainties. Most of the wonders of nature lie exposed on the shelves of our libraries. We may know if we will. There is a feast for the hungry mind as well as for the body.

Let him who would accomplish the mission of life, who would make the most of the best within him, not fail to recognize the fact that knowledge is power as well as pleasure; that it is impossible to build anything of lasting worth without it; that it is one of the prime factors in real character; that without it the real beauties and wonders of creation are to him as a sealed book, as pearls to the swine; that life without it is slavery, a life of death.

Again, let the man and the woman of advanced years remember that it is never too late to improve; that history is their's in which to read of the past conditions, struggles, aspirations and achievements of the human race; that in books of astronomy they may read of the heavens; that in natural

philosophy they may learn of the laws by which nature operates.

Yes, every department of organic and inorganic nature has been largely explored and explained, and if one will, he may read, know and enjoy, as he builds up the third pillar of Life's Temple.

The spiritual part of man is the fourth pillar of Life's Temple. Every finished and truly sublime character recognizes the existence of a Supreme Being. The physical, the moral, and the intellectual parts of our being, may be cultivated and developed well nigh to the line of perfection; but if the spiritual part is neglected, or remains uncultivated and undeveloped, the Temple will be weak, temporal and material, and deficient in that which gives to it the finishing touch, that of life eternal. No spiritual pillar,—then no grand character.

A soul without faith in it is empty, cheerless, and running to waste. A belief in the existence of a God fills it with a life

and light, a hope and faith, that ends not at the grave. One who believes not in a God and eternal life, lives in a temple without windows—one without light. He lives, moves and has his being in a state of distraction, in a prison without hope of redemption. To him all is temporal and selfish. His doctrine is, every man for himself, the grave for all, and nothing more. His life is cold, selfish and remorseless. He would rob June of her roses and Autumn of her meadow larks. How like a haunted house is the society of an atheist! How cold, clammy and repulsive his touch! His insanity is of the worst type. We cannot reason with him. We just pity him and let him alone. His life, without God in it, is like a desert without an oasis, or a dungeon within whose cold and slimy walls naught is heard save the sullen and gurgling waters of despair mingling with the moans and groans of abandoned and frenzied spirits.

But how different, how delightful, con-

genial and elevating is the man who recognizes God in everything. What a halo of divine light is about him. *His* temple is filled with spiritual light. *He* builds on faith and hope divine, ever taking counsel of the Supreme Architect. His temple is not for time only, but for eternity. When it is finished, we behold upon its majestic dome, in golden letters, the words: Character and Happiness,—the object and sum total of life. Inscribed upon its pillars are the words, patience—industry—perseverance—growth—development—denial—self-sacrifice—virtue—knowledge—justice—worship. When finished, it represents the victory of years. He loves his temple and delights to study the precious gems that decorate its pillars. Within its human arches and through its divine recesses are heard the soft, liquid notes of friendship, love, charity, forgiveness and justice. It is never night there, it is ever day. To the soul that lives within such a temple, there is no death—there is no grave—just a

change; a long, pleasant visit, anticipated with loved ones in a foreign land. Thus, Life's Temple is built.

But as there are false gods, so there are false temples. Nor is it always easy to detect the false from the true. Both have gilded domes and to all outward appearances are one and the same. We often find the stamp of the genuine upon the dome of the spurious. The word *character* is written instead of the word *reputation*. And what is character? A man's character is *what he really is*, while a man's reputation is what others say he is and what he *seems* to be. Sometimes his character is better than his reputation. Then again, his reputation is sometimes better than his character. So, true it is, that "all that glitters is not gold." Appearances are, indeed, often deceiving. The sun appears to be not larger than a good-size pumpkin, whereas, in fact, it is one million two hundred and ninety times as large as the earth. The nearest fixed stars are

nineteen trillions of miles away, although they seem to be only a few hours ride away into the heavens. Again, the smallest stars visible to the naked eye are five hundred and seventy trillions of miles above the clouds; so far away that their light, traveling as all light travels—183,000 miles a second—has been thousands of years reaching us. How deceptive, how great the difference between the apparent and the real. Life is real; we are here on earth a reality, with stern, inflexible realities all about us, and he who would build well and for eternity, must build his temple out of realities. It will be a temple of real acts and of like memories. And the builder thereof must live, eat, drink, work, walk, sleep, and exist in it—forever. When it is once built he cannot get out of it, for it is himself, his character. We cannot get away from ourselves. Our past life is always the larger part of our present. Today, making ready for tomorrow, is all of yesterday. Our memories are always with

us whether they be sweet or bitter. They are ever present to censure or praise. Thus it is that justice and virtue have their reward. How full of springtime and gratification must have been the memories of Washington, Lafayette, Lincoln, Grant, and Garfield. How gloomy and full of remorse that of Lord Woolsey. Hear him in his old age and in the anguish of his soul cry out, "Had I but served my God as well as I have served my king, He now, in my old age, would not have forsaken me." What a bitter memory, reminiscences of empty honors and ephemeral glory. Lord Woolsey, once a prince—a lord—almost a king, with unlimited wealth and surrounded by dazzling splendor, courted by princes and potentates; equipped with power to create or crush, now a beggar full of remorse and cringing at the feet of a despot. How upon his ear ring the words, "Fling away ambition—'twas by that the angel fell." Aye, thrice true it is that any ambition devoid of God, humanity and justice, had bet-

ter be thrown away, for, sooner or later, it will fill the soul with remorse and crush the temple.

Finally, recognizing these four great, grand forces of our being—the physical, the moral, the intellectual, and the spiritual, and adjusting them to the laws of nature while developing them in harmony therewith and God's will, one can build the grand temple of life. Upon its walls there will be hung the precious and unquestionable sentiments: Do unto others as ye would that they should do unto you. "This, to thine own self be true; and it must follow as the night the day, thou can'st not then be false to any man." "Faith is the substance of things hoped for, the evidence of things unseen." "Lord, I believe, help thou mine unbelief." "Just as I am without one plea, but that Thy blood was shed for me." Within this temple, we find the solution to life's problem; namely, be true to self, to others, and to God. Such is all of Life—subjectively and objectively.

It is the centre and the circumference of life.
And surely life is worth living.

This is a beautiful world, the glorious heritage of prince and peasant. He is a millionaire who lives and builds to enjoy it. God has made the whole earth vocal with sweet sounds. The untraveled forests echo the notes of the wild bird and the habitations of men are made glad by the sweet songs of domesticated feathered minstrels. From groves, gardens, and deep tangled wild woods, come to us zephyrs laden with the aroma of the native wild flower and the fragrance of the cherished exotic. The bird of beauty with its radiant, fascinating plumage, passes in proud review before us, captivating and exciting our admiration. The bold eagle soars away above the defiant crags and lofty peaks of its majestic mountain home, inspiring our souls in its flight with the spirit of Excelsior. Again, 'tis night, and the roar of the cataract and the chanting of distant waters fall upon the ear awakening meditation and calling us to God and vespers.

Yes, monotony nowhere, variety everywhere; beauty, grandeur, sublimity, divinity all about us, illuminated by the lights of the twentieth century. The beauties, wonders, and glories of this world are a ceaseless round of pleasure to those who are engaged in building Life's Temple. To such, life is ever rosy, and never a cloud appears without its silver lining. The notes of the last grand anthem heard on earth within the temple walls of Character is, "Thy Will be done: Praise God from whom all blessings flow." Then let it be recorded and burnt into the memory, that he builds best who builds not only for time, but also for eternity.

Virtue alone outbuilds the pyramids;
Her monuments shall last when Egypt's fall.
—*Young.*

VERMONT.

A song to thee—my native State,
Thy shepherd hills, thy mountains great,
Thy rivers, glens, and silver lakes,
Where Freedom's voice the Eagle wakes.

God's works I've seen across the sea,
Free Switzerland! Fair Italy!
Where Nature oft held captive me,
But naught inspired my soul like thee.

Proud State! thy star in the field of blue,
We hail and admire, so constant and true;
Thy sons are heroes, well known to fame,
The pride of his country—brave Dewey—
we name.

Yet more of glory, fond State, is thy share,
Thy daughters excel! How lovely! How
fair!

With voices as sweet as their virtues are
rare,
They life give and zest to the Green
Mountain air.

TO TALIEH.

The stars begem the azure blue,
And watch the night the flowers bedew;
Their genial light o'er tired earth strew,
There silent sitting—constant—true,

The flowers blossom, bud and bloom,
In charming colors—form—perfume;
The angels shape them, we assume,
The blushing rose for bride and groom.

The robin, happy bird, doth sing
Its liquid, joyous notes in spring;
Now meadow lark sings on the wing,
Hark! hear the ambient welkin ring.

The heart is touched by harp and song,
And would cathedral chimes prolong;
They gently chide a thought of wrong,
And bid the soul be brave and strong.

Love makes us feel the charm of life,
Its tender throbs, its noble strife;
The heart is full where it is rife,
No evil there for pruning knife.

PLAY SAINT, OR SINNER.

Make no choice—play saint or sinner,
Either part is best if winner;
Blush no shame!—Time doth attest
That saints and sinners both are blest.

Right or wrong—care not—if winner,
He who fails is counted sinner;
Never mind the course you take,
Run,—run wild!—but reach the stake!

If the while some dare you censure—
For your heartless, vile adventure,
Run undaunted,—praise awaits you—
Wealth and fashion will embrace you.

Lo! you'll share the pomp and splendor,
That both saints and sinners render,
Fawning at your feet and grinning,
Fair ones will false praise be spinning.

Be ye great!—yes,—be a hero!
Such an one as he was,—Nero!
But so sure as God's Eternal,
Ye shall bide with the Infernal!

THE IDEAL.

What is that which we call the ideal? What does it look like? Where is it to be found or seen? Is it a myth, or is it a real thing? Is it a physical something occupying space, like a solid, a liquid, a fluid, or a gas? or is it a metaphysical something, just an idea born of the imagination, and having no existence except in the mind? Well, yes, it is rather the latter; it is metaphysical in its nature, a product of the mind. But it is not a myth nor a mystery. It can be realized by the senses, or defined and made clear to the understanding.

One speaks of an ideal place,—sunset,—day; an ideal piece of architecture or painting; an ideal form,—character,—father,—mother,—son,—daughter; an ideal condition,—situation,—or state of things, etc.

Yes, the term *ideal* can apply to many things that are abstract, physical or concrete in their nature, as well as to things purely imaginative or mythical; it can apply to persons or things realized by some one of the senses as well as to persons and things and places existing only in the clouds of the imagination. But what is it? Tell us about it. Well, according to Fleming, "The ideal is that which is attained by *selecting* and *assembling in one whole* the beauties and perfections which are usually seen in different individuals, (or things), excluding everything defective or unseemly, so as to form a type or model of the species. Thus, the Apollo Belvidere is the *ideal* of the beauty and proportion of the human frame." The ideal, then, is *an imaginary standard of excellence*; a mental conception portrayed in words or set up in works of art, as a model of what some mind or minds consider perfection. Let us consider for a moment the meaning of some of the terms used in the above defini-

tion. A thing is considered perfect when it is finished and faultless in all its parts, and, as a whole, a thing of perfection. But it can be all this, and yet not be *ideal*. How so? Because, in addition to being finished and faultless in and of itself, it must, in order to be an ideal, have another qualification, without which it should not be called ideal; namely, it must excel, surpass all others of its kind; in other words, it must have the exceptional or peculiar property of *excellence*. Nay, it must not only be finished, faultless, and excel, but it must be so perfect in its character that no mind pre-eminently great can conceive of how a thing of its kind can be made more nearly perfect.

But, it will be said, one mind may conceive what it regards worthy of being a standard of excellence in some special thing while another mind may entertain and set forth a different one. Now, when this is the case, who shall decide or decree which of these two so-called ideals is the true one, or

the more nearly perfect? Well, that must depend upon the nature or character of that which is presented as an ideal. The ideal, in a lofty sense of the term, is usually the product of a lofty, superior mind, schooled and pre-eminent in some thought, science, or art. It was evidently such a great mind that conceived (about the third century B. C.) the marble statue of Apollo Belvidere, as an ideal of the beauty and proportion of the human form. This statue could not have been the emanations of a common, ignorant, or gross mind. So, then, we would not think of submitting the question of choice or superiority between two ideals, to minds of the latter type, but to a mind or group of lofty minds refined and versed in the things which the ideals presented represent, and which are set forth as perfect types, models, or standards, for imitation or emulation. The choice, then, should be submitted to minds that are acquainted with the rules, yes, the principles of perfection, or excellence; to minds that

can note the presence as well as the absence of these principles in any conception advanced as an ideal. Nor are these principles the whims of man; but, on the contrary, are as real and fixed in the nature of things as the motions of the celestial orbs. Two of these principles are laws of symmetry and proportion, which are out-ranked only by that of unity. If either of these be absent from anything set forth as an ideal, it is then so far defective, and not worthy to be called an ideal. And while this is especially and emphatically true in works of architecture, drawing and painting, as well as in all forms of art, it is generally true in all matters capable and worthy of having an ideal type, model, or standard. This, then, signifies that some of the objects of any kind may be superior to some of the others of the same kind, while some one of the whole number may be superior to all others of the group, or class. And yet, this superior one may not be perfect, but may be defective in some one or

more particulars, which defect or defects may cause it to be so far short of answering the requirements of a standard set up as a model of excellence, or as an ideal of what the mind has conceived to be a type of perfection. Thus, it will be observed that a thing may be superior in some respects, and yet not be, as a whole, an *ideal*.

HOW THE IDEAL IS FORMED.

We know that there are many classes of objects in the world. We know, too, that these classes not only differ from one another, but that the individuals of each class usually differ among themselves in respect to the qualities, attributes, or properties that compose each. We know that, as a rule, the attributes or properties of any two of these objects are not equal in all respects, that any one of them usually has too much or too little of this or that quality or property to form an ideal specimen; while, at the same time, it may have what the mind considers

as being a proper amount of some one quality. In this case it stands before the mind as ideal or perfect in some particulars, and imperfect in others. So, the mind forms an idea that if an object were made up of only the perfect qualities or attributes perceived in these different objects, the combination would form an object that would be ideal; one that would satisfy the master mind as being ideal in every particular.

Now, this act of the mind involves judgment and reason in selection. He who performs it excludes everything that tends to make *his* ideal defective. He selects and combines into a perfect whole those individual qualities or properties necessary to form his ideal. In this way an ideal is formed. So, then, the process consists in wisely *selecting* and *combining* qualities or properties that will make a symmetrical, proportionate, and beautiful whole; not only in works of art, but in anything worthy of an ideal. In such a case everything is present in perfect proportion. For

instance, if the ideal object has eyes, one will not be small and the other large, for this would offend the law of proportion. If there be but one eye, then the law of symmetry is offended, which requires one on the opposite side to balance. A man with two legs is symmetrical in legs, one with two arms is symmetrical in arms; two eyes, two ears, two hands, and two feet, make one symmetrical in these particulars. It is a crime, in art, to offend either of these two laws.

Proportion requires that the eyes, ears, legs, etc., shall be of the same size; yes, more, that the law of proportion shall extend and apply to every part of the body; that the legs shall be neither too small nor too large, neither too long nor too short for the arms, nor *vice versa*. That the eyes shall be neither too large nor too small for the mouth, the nose, or the ears; and so on, each part must be considered and made to correspond in these particulars to each and every other part, so

that there shall be a symmetrical and proportional whole, a beautiful unity.

As previously stated, these principles or rules not only apply to the human form, but are equally applicable to everything ideal; for if either of these requirements be ignored, that which is presented as an ideal, is not worthy of the name. For instance, there have been and are different forms of government; some of these, in many respects, seem to be more defective in form and character than others; while it is possible that no one of them measures up to the standard or model set forth by Plato in his Ideal Republic. But then, the mere fact that human nature is such that it is seemingly impossible to put in full practice a standard set up as an ideal, does not prove that the ideas therein set forth are not such as a lofty, just, and pre-eminently great mind might or should approve.

The ideal, in human affairs, is not easily attained. Experience proves that it is much

easier to preach and draft beautiful theories than it is to practice them; much easier to form and set up ideals than it is to attain or maintain them. So, then, it is possible for a lofty and Christ-like mind with corresponding appetites and passions to form ideals of life and conduct too high or lofty in their character for the majority of the most civilized individuals or nations to reach and maintain.

But this fact should not be charged against the ideal, or model. What ought to be, to satisfy the ideal, is quite other from what is usually found in practice. The ideal, in the affairs of life, sets forth what is seemingly best and *ought* to be, thus forming a standard or model; an ideal, which when examined and approved by the head and heart of the world in their best estate, is considered as an object of excellence and worthy of attainment.

An ideal, then—being a model of approved or pronounced excellence or perfection—is something that lies above the ordinary or

even the best in its particular line or class of things. Something that one may proudly strive to reach; something to be attained, if possible, and maintained for its intrinsic value.

As we have already stated, there are, or may be, a great many different ideals. But of all ideals, the most difficult to attain and maintain, is *Ideal Character*. And if one would seek a *perfect* model of such—he will find it, as is generally conceded—in Jesus of Nazareth.

ONLY A TRAMP.

"Only a tramp," so they say, "nothing
more,"

Lying there dead where the surf beats the
shore,

There where the horned owl was seen in
the tree,

There where stern solitude looks on the
sea.

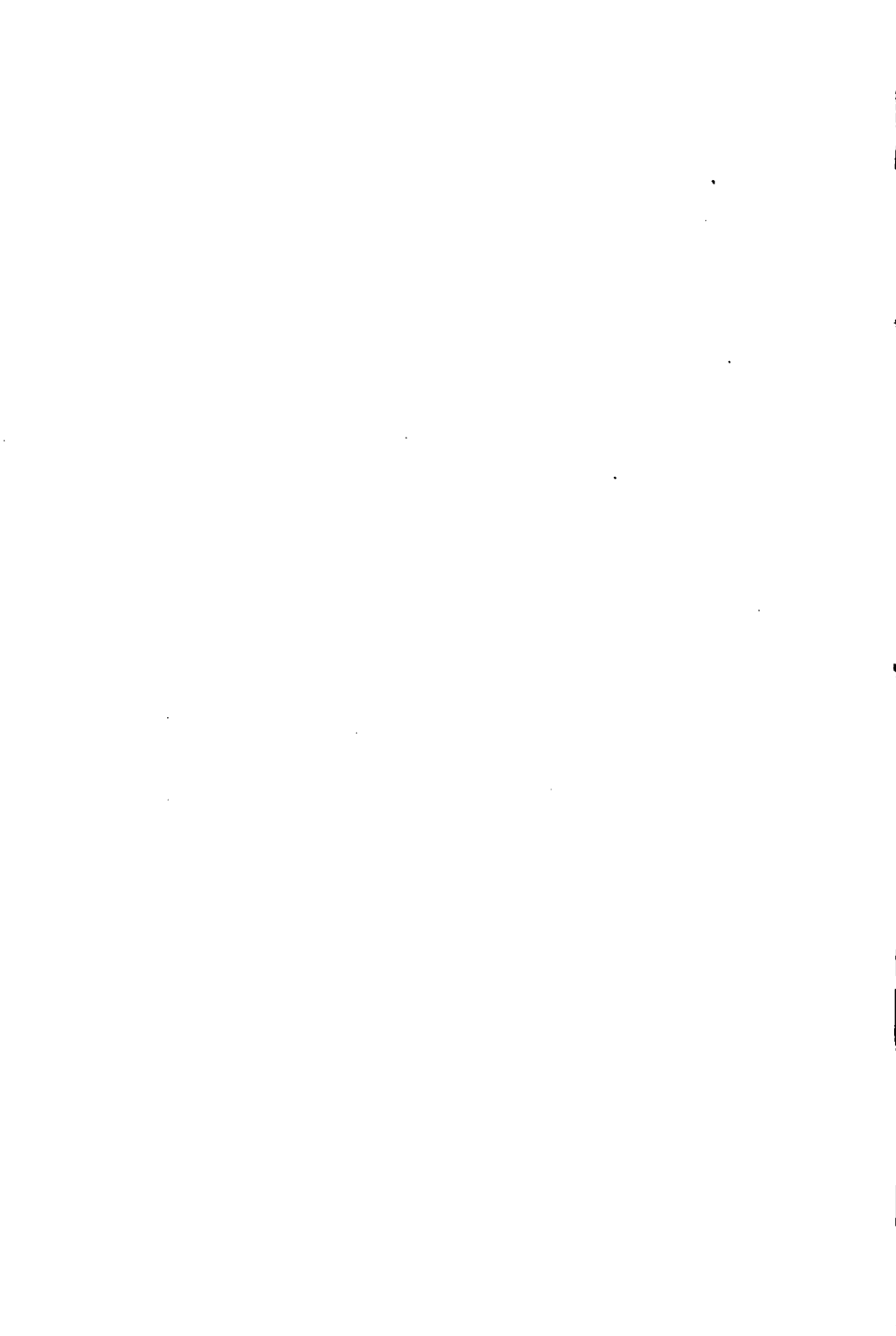
There where the brown bluffs their solemn
forms rear,

There where all night, where all day is so
drear,

There where the soul shrinks away as in
fear,

There, lies an unknown,—to somebody
dear.





Only a tramp, who was once but a babe,
Sinless and thoughtless as wind, storm, or
 wave;
Petted and played with, and coaxed on to
 creep,
Bathed, kissed and fondled, and oft lulled
 to sleep.

Only a tramp—young the face—most a
 man,
Stained are his cheeks, where sad tears
 burning ran;
Brow of much beauty, the features well
 planned,
What may his name be,—the dead on the
 sand.

Where now the father—sister—or brother,
Has he a weeping, heart broken mother,
Fled he from crime as from hound flies
 the deer,
Whence came he—who is he—why fell
 the tear?

Silence! no answer comes out of the sea,
Neither brings answer the wind from the
lea;
Myst'ry now holds and denies to set free
The life and the tear that ran out by the
sea.

We, too, are tramps; vain is he who claims
more,
Tramping, sin-scarred, to Eternity's shore;
There where life's myst'ry and tramp we
shall see,
The life and the tear that ran out by the
sea.

THE SPEECHLESS VOICE AND WAITING PEN.

I know it—I feel it—but cannot express it. How often these words fall from the lips. The heart is full—the head is full—but the tongue is silent—the pen is mute.

The spirit says speak—write—but neither the tongue nor the pen respond. The eye has seen—the ear has heard—the heart has felt—the mind conceived. There is a strong desire and even an attempt toward expression. But, alas! all is confusion—the result, a failure. The eye is fixed upon a blank piece of paper, while the pen hangs motionless over the waiting page. Sometimes it moves—but when the mind has read the written words, it views in doubt or condemns; what has been written is disappointing and cast aside, while the effort is abandoned with a sigh and feeling of discouragement.

forcible manner; and who never say, I know it—I feel it, but cannot express it.

SUBJECT MATTER.

One cannot speak or write of nothing. Then, to speak or write, is to speak or write of something. Again, this something, whatever it may be—whether a real object or an attribute of such, is something that really exists and can be so demonstrated to one or more of the five senses; or, it may be an *ideal* something; that is, something that cannot be shown to exist by any one of the five senses.

Now this something, wherever it may be, whether in the heavens, on the earth, or beneath its surface, or elsewhere, can be taken as subject matter or material, and each and every kind of a thing so existing can be considered by itself, or in its connection with other things that are more or less related to it or connected with it.

So, the subject matter, or material that

produces thoughts or ideas, or excites one's emotions, is either of a simple, mixed, or varied and complicated character; and these ideas or emotions are related to one another in a variety of ways. Therefore, what one says or writes can be more or less simple, complex, or compound, as may be the subject that is furnished or selected. Yes, every one knows that there are many different objects in the world possessing a variety of attributes that differ in number, kind, or degree, and that bear a variety of relations to one another. Consequently, there is an unlimited supply and variety of material for expression or composition.

Let us now proceed to note what may be considered strictly real in opposition to ideal material.

REAL MATERIAL.

Under this head, anything that any one of the *five senses* can realize or cognize—anything that depends upon any one of these

senses in their normal condition for proof of its existence, is regarded as *real*, in contradistinction to all else which lies or may exist beyond the ken of the five senses, and which we shall consider as being Ideal Material.

Now, when we speak or write of any of this Real Material, we expect some one of the five senses to be able to witness or cognize the truth of what we say or write; or, in other words, we expect that anyone having the five senses, will attest (other things being equal) whether what we have said or written is true or false. And what we have just said applies, not only to sensible objects, but, of course, to their respective attributes, as well as to space and time, which are realities to us since they surround and accompany objects, but which realities, no one of man's five senses can realize as visible objects.

IDEAL MATTER.

Whatever lies or exists in any form, shape, or manner, beyond the range or limit of

any one of the five senses, is, strictly speaking, ideal material, and may be so called in contradistinction to that which is usually termed real, which is anything and everything that appeals in some form or other directly to some one of the five senses.

Upon a careful and thoughtful examination of any of the so-called *ideal* or imaginary matter, it is easily seen that the same is based upon, or suggested by things that are real in the sense of being material, or an attribute of such. And since we have the real or sensible, and the ideal or mental, and since the two are so intimately connected, they afford us material for the creation of a third and mixed class of ideas, which gives us three distinct species of composition; namely, the *real*, the *ideal*, and the *mixed*. In the first of these, we look for reality; in the second, for ideality; and in the third, for an intermixture of the first two. More than these three there cannot be; no matter how

secular or sacred may be the nature or character of the composition. So, then, of real and ideal material, there is an inexhaustible supply for expression, oral or written.

SENTENCES.

Now every composition (which is only a collection of thoughts, ideas, desires, or emotions, produced by something and spread or strung out before the mind in some form or other) is formed of what is expressed in words arranged into sentences. By adding sentence to sentence, a string or structure of expressed ideas, or emotions, which may be real or ideal, or a mixture of both, is produced. The length of such a structure will depend, of course, upon the number and length of the sentences that form it; and these will depend for their length upon the number of ideas, thoughts, or emotions that are thus put into words, phrases, or clauses.

Now, since all kinds of composition are made of sentences and depend much upon

the character of the latter for their merits or demerits, for their force, beauty or value, it is of moment to those who would speak or write well, that they study thoroughly the art of constructing every kind of sentence, so as to form the same according to the rules laid down in the grammar of the language in which they write or speak.

LENGTH OF SENTENCES.

A sentence can be short and simple, or very long and intricate. Upon the examination of a long sentence, it will be found that its length is occasioned by its modifiers; that is, such words, phrases, or clauses as represent attributes, or circumstances, the latter being such as time, place, manner, identity, cause, effect, purpose, or explanations, or words of illustration.

Thus it will be seen that a sentence can contain, at least, seven modifiers or modifying elements, representing, as above, some particular time, place, manner, cause, purpose,

explanation, or attributes, besides illustrations; or it may contain but one, or all of these modifiers.

Again, each of these modifiers can be long or short, that is, formed of few or many words. So it will be seen that when a sentence is made of few words it will be short; that when it is made of many words, it will be long; that the longer the sentences are, the longer will be the paragraphs that they together make.

HOW TO MAKE A LONG SENTENCE SHORT.

Now, if one has a long sentence, and it be desirable to change it into a short one without destroying its substance, such is easily accomplished by striking out any one, or more, or all of the seven elements above mentioned. One can strike out the time phrases, clauses or words, and leave all the rest; or, he can let the time element stand and strike out any one or all of the others; or, he can let the time element, or any one of

the modifiers stand, and strike out any one, or more, or all of the others, and the sentence will be short and proper, with its heart and soul intact, although it will not say so much. Now, if a sentence can be abbreviated by striking out any one or more of these elements or modifiers, it can, of course, when short, be made longer, or very long, by writing into the short sentence in its proper place, what has been left out; namely, any or all of the above mentioned modifiers.

HEAD AND HEART OF A SENTENCE.

The head and heart of a sentence, its substance, its two most important factors, that which must be, or there is no sentence, are the subject and its verb; that is, the name of the thing spoken or written about, together with its verb. What these two are is easily ascertained by striking out the modifying elements previously mentioned, leaving only the subject and its verb; or, it may be ascer-

tained by striking out simply the subject and its verb, leaving all the other elements, which will make no sense by themselves without the subject and its verb to which the modifiers relate.

WHEN TO ADD MODIFYING ELEMENTS.

If I am talking or writing about anything, and I wish to tell where it is, I must, of course, add or write the modifier, the place. Again, if I wish to tell where I saw it, or where it was seen, or when it was seen, or how it acted, or anything connected with or related to it, I must add or write into the sentence corresponding or proper modifiers.

Again, if I want to tell why it is as it is, or why it acted or acts as it did or does, I must write into or add to the sentence the why,—the cause element,—and so on, as to each of its modifying elements.

But any one of these modifiers may be expressed in a separate sentence by itself, after the subject and its verb has been stated;

as, for instance, John struck Henry. Now then, the place element may stand by itself in a separate sentence, thus: This act upon the part of John was committed in Boston. This separate sentence, expressing the place of the act, might have been added to John struck Henry as a modifier, and not have been written as a separate sentence; as, John struck Henry in Boston.

Again: It was done on the 4th day of June, 1897. This is the time element, which might have been written as a modifier in the first sentence, so as to read: John struck Henry in Boston, on the 4th day of June, 1897. Again: The act was occasioned by ill will. This is the why or cause element, following in a separate sentence. It might have been placed thus: John struck Henry in Boston, on the 4th day of June, 1897, which act was occasioned by ill will.

Again: The deed was done in a very brutal manner. This is the manner element, following in a separate sentence. It might

have been expressed and placed thus: John struck Henry in a very brutal manner in Boston, on the 4th day of June, 1897, which act was occasioned by ill will.

Thus, it will be seen that each modifying or explanatory element can stand in a separate sentence by itself. It will also be seen that out of a long sentence, a number of short ones can be formed. Again, that out of a number of short sentences that serve as modifiers to express the place, time, etc. elements, a long sentence can be made by using proper conjunctions, or relative links, to bind or connect them to the principal sentence to which they relate.

HOW TO CONSTRUCT SENTENCES.

Every subject or object has some place and time in the world. It also exists or acts in some manner, and is in some manner related to or affected by other objects. Now, when one writes a very short sentence, its subject is simply mentioned and followed by a

verb-word that states what the subject is, or what it does, or expresses some single thing concerning it. But, as already stated, a short sentence can be enlarged, strung out, developed, by the use of modifying words, phrases, or clauses, placed before or after the subject or its verb. These tell where the object is, or was seen; is acting, or being acted upon; or, they tell what the object or subject is, was, or will be; or of what class it is. Or, they may indicate how it is seen; or is acting; or what it is acting for; or the cause of it; or its effects, etc. So, many things can be said of anything.

Each of these particulars can be stated, as has been said, in one sentence, in a manner that will not violate the rule of unity, and so as to avoid confusion. But if anything foreign to the subject is brought before the mind in the sentence—in its string of words, phrases, or clauses—there will be confusion due to a mixture of different subjects or ideas that are not by nature con-

nected with one another, and which will thereby produce a violation of the rule. However, it is to be borne in mind that the modifiers of place, time, or manner of subjects, thoughts, objects and acts, belong to them, and for that reason can be mentioned in the same sentence.

PARAGRAPHS.

By adding sentence to sentence, long or short, a paragraph is built. Sometimes only one sentence forms a paragraph. In these sentences all that can be said of a thing may be expressed. So, too, by adding paragraph to paragraph the chapter is built, after the manner of building the sentence and the paragraph; and in this way the book is made, by adding chapter to chapter. Thus, there is spread out before the mind in sentences, paragraphs, chapters, books, volumes, etc., in a natural and orderly manner, all that there is to, or in any way connected with a subject.

In this way the subject is brought be-

fore the mind in pieces, and thus, all that there is to it, or has to do with it, item after item, is presented. So, it will be observed, that the sentence, although but a fraction, is the foundation of the paragraph; that there can be no paragraph without one or more sentences to form such, and that of such the chapter is formed. It will also be noticed that the rule of unity, which must not be violated in building up the sentence, must also be observed in making the paragraph; that all that is said about any one item, part, or branch of a subject, must stand in a paragraph by itself. So, then, how necessary it is that one should study to know how to make any and all kinds of sentences; also, to know what may be cut out of a long sentence, so as to shorten it without destroying or removing its substance; also, to know what may be added or inserted, that will not destroy its unity or its meaning. Let one learn how to form sentences correctly and he will not find it difficult to

build up the paragraph; for the same principles or rules govern both.

MATERIAL.

There is no end to material. It is as unlimited and varied as all creation. It is all that one can experience or realize with any one of his senses, or that the mind can conceive or imagine in the real or the ideal world.

Some of this material is animate while some of it is not; some of it moves about upon the earth or in the air, while some of it is fixed in space without power in itself to move. Again, some of it is large, and some of it is small; some of it is of one color and some of another; some of it is of a lasting, and some of it of a perishable quality; some of it is agreeable and some disagreeable to the senses; some of it is useful, and some is seemingly of little or no importance. Again, an examination of this material reveals the fact that some of it stirs

the emotions; that when it comes in contact with the eye or the ear it awakens in the heart feelings of sympathy and tenderness. It is also noticeable that some things pass on from the eye or the ear directly to the mind, without reaching or stirring the heart. This being true, it is quite important that the student of composition should study to easily detect and select at will material that contains heart touching attributes or properties, whenever the purpose of his composition demands it.

HEART MATERIAL.

In the natural world there are many things that appeal first to the heart and next to the understanding. The sight of these awaken in the beholder tender and loving emotions. Again, there are many things the sight or sound of which causes inquiry only, that never reach the heart and cause it to vibrate with feelings of tenderness, sympathy, or affection. Among the former objects are birds, flowers,

animals, and human beings, and many other objects that the fancy or imagination of the reader may recall, while those things that appeal mostly to the mind are of a mathematical or mechanical nature.

ORDER.

Order in composition requires that some one thing must be said first, and something else last; that all else that is or can be said of the subject under consideration, must be said between these two points. So, it is clear that all that is said, or thought, or felt, cannot be said in one word or sentence; and that if what ought to be spoken of last, because it naturally and orderly comes last, should be expressed first, or *vice versa*, or in the second, third, or fourth place, and so on, should appear in the first place, or the last place, there would be disorder, confusing to the speaker or writer so that he would proceed, if at all, with difficulty, besides being obscure and liable to

be misunderstood by those with whom he would communicate.

Again, we notice that why so many fail in their attempts at expression is because of the lack of order thus mentioned, which tends to confuse and embarrass them in their efforts, as well as to cause them to forget the matter of which they would speak or write.

ORDER AND ARRANGEMENT.

The terms order and arrangement seem to be at first thought identical, but they are not. Things can be arranged in an orderly or disorderly manner; so, it will be noticed that the terms order and arrangement are not identical in meaning. For example, when a thing is placed in its regular or proper place, it is in order; when a thing occurs at its proper time, it does so in its order. Again, when a thing is heard at its proper time, it is heard in its order; likewise, when a thing is taken up by the mind for consideration in

its regular or allotted place or time, it is taken up in its order.

When the question is asked, in what order shall we proceed to arrange the words of a sentence, and we are told to place the noun or subject word first, and next, its verb, and then, right after the verb its object, if it has one, we are giving the order in which the words should succeed one another. Thus, it will be observed that order in composition means more especially the time or place in the sentence in which things written about should succeed one another. For instance, the numbers one, two, three, etc., follow one another in a natural or numerical order; but to place them as one, three, two, etc., would be to place them in an irregular or disorderly manner.

DIVISIONAL WORK.

As is well known, there is a multitude of different objects, all of which are more or less in some manner related to one another.

Again, each object has been created for a purpose. Some of these are living, breathing things, others are not. Each occupies space, or has a place, and a time of existence. Now, when we write or speak of these, we use words which are supposed to represent them, where they are, or why they are, and anything else that can be said of them. Now, all that can be said about them is what they are, why they are, where they are, when they are, and how they are; or what relation they bear to one another, their use, purpose, and how they affect mankind in all their various relations. When all is said or written of a subject or object that is known or can be imagined of it, it is said to be exhausted. Now, it frequently happens that one would speak or write of the whole of a subject and its relations to other things; then, again, it is more desirable, proper, or sufficient, to consider only a part or some particular branch of the subject. Hence, divisional work is of great importance in all species of

composition. The whole of anything is capable of being analyzed or divided into the parts of which it is composed. And as these parts may be few or many, the first thing to do is to ascertain how many parts the whole contains. Secondly, to separate and place them under an appropriate name or heading, in this way making a list or division of them. This having been done, they should then be arranged in an orderly manner. Some one of the parts must occupy the first place. In determining which of the parts shall or should be placed first, and which in the second, or third place, and so on, one should be guided by the following rule: Write that first which comes first in the nature of things, or in the order of time, and upon which each of the other parts of the subject depends or naturally follows; and so on, until all the parts have been disposed of. When this has been done, the whole subject has been exhausted. Nothing more can be said of it. But if all of it is not wanted, or is inappropriate, or not to

the purpose, take that part or branch of it that satisfies the demand and let the rest go, as was said of the modifiers in the sentences.

SPACE AND TIME ELEMENTS.

These so-called accidents attend all subjects, but are not parts or qualities of them. They serve only to fix, bound, or limit them, so that the mind can contemplate the subject or object without being confused or distracted, as it would be by the consideration of things in a vague or uncertain space, or time. The mind, when active, is ever apt to wander, and is stationary only when the object it contemplates is located for its consideration. Therefore, it is that these circumstances or accidents of a subject or object are properly considered first. We divide time or duration into small and large pieces. Some things happen or exist for a day, others for a century, and so on. The life and development of some things occupy the space of a hundred years; others require more time for growth and de-

velopment. So, we speak of the growth and development of a thing, as the growth and development of a country, its government; the growth and development of an art, or a science. We notice that there is a beginning and an end to the life of certain plants; that they have a longer or shorter period of life. Again, that the same is true of animals, and likewise as to the growth and development of things in the natural as well as in the art world.

Thus, it will be noticed that space and time remain after things have had their beginning, growth, development, and death. Hence, space and time are no parts of them, but merely accidents. As we have said before, they are unlimited realities within which all things exist or take place. Therefore, in speaking or writing of anything, it is necessary that it be given a time and a locality. How often do we hear one speak of some event, and the inquiry comes, Where did this occur? When did it occur? And so on. Thus, it will be seen that by fixing in space and

time the things that we speak or write about, the mind is brought from its wanderings to some definite place and to some particular point of time, and thus made stationary to contemplate the subject, object, or ideas that engage its attention.

A HERO.

**Hurrah! for the man with a purpose,
Who toils with the bee and the ant;
Who lives not to vice but to virtue,
Sees beauty in nature and art!**

**Who's up with the lark in the morning,
While the dew-drop is yet on the rose;
Who scorns to rob widow or orphan;
Lives and works by the great Golden Rule.**

**Who finds in the first law of Heaven
That order is peace, born of love;
That trouble is bred by confusion,
A vagrant from Satan's abode.**

Who notes that his days here are numbered;
That things which are sought here and won,
Are soon like himself—soon forgotten,
Just a drop on a wheel in a whirl.

Whose purpose is noble—uplifting,
Lives for self, but for others as well;
And who carries his burdens and duties
With a heart light and brave to the end.

The angels await him, this Hero,
With harps, and with garlands to crown;
With honors that blossom in glory,
Where peace, joy, and love doth abound.

Then live we a life of such purpose;
Nor seek we the dross of a day;
Vain praises and honors, so fleeting,
That vanish as mist o'er the lea.

CAUSE AND EFFECT.

Nothing is more apparent than the fact that this is a world of causes and effects. Nothing is or happens without a sufficient cause, something that precedes and acts to produce an effect with which it directly or indirectly connects. Nature is busy everywhere doing something. That which she accomplishes are termed effects. Nature, the producer, is the agent or cause; so, we have the producer and the effects produced. And since the latter proceeds as a manifestation from the former, comes out of it, as it were, and would not appear or happen were it not that the former existed and produced it, so it is that the two are so intimately connected or related. This connection or relation is termed the relation of cause and effect. It is a most wonderful relation, one that is

not always easily traced, one which compels us often to say that the cause of this or that is a mystery, simply meaning thereby that it is unknown, yet not denying that a cause exists, for that we cannot do without denying what is clearly a universal law, namely, that every effect has (and must have) a cause. That which we term phenomena or appearances in nature are only effects proceeding from some cause, some agency, whether known or not, something acting to produce such. This is true of the rainbow, the Aurora Borealis, the earthquake, the volcano, the lightning, the thunder, and all other phenomena, more or less common to the knowledge of man. In fact, when anything changes its appearance or form it is because some active principle, cause or force has worked or is working to produce the change or appearance. Many of these changes are so wonderful and interesting that we are constantly seeking the cause or causes of such. If the change is not agreeable to us we seek

the cause that has wrought it, and having found it seek to prevent, neutralize, modify, or divert its effects in the future. So it is that some are ever busy hunting for causes and seeking to reproduce desired effects, or studying how to divert or prevent the recurrence of those that are undesirable. Those who are studying how to prolong life are only seeking for that which will continue an effect, namely, Life; or for that which will delay or defeat the causes of death. Yes, this world is one great complex unit of causes and effects. But each department thereof has its own special causes and effects, while within each of these departments, or, as it were, running through each and connecting all of them, are certain fixed or universal laws or principles, acting like so many rods or wires that run from house to house or from room to room. So, while there is a connected series or chain of primary or secondary causes and effects in each department of nature, there is also the relation of

interdependence or reciprocity existing between these various departments that form this wonderful unit, nature: the first great cause of which is said to be God. Thus we have discovered in nature what is scientifically termed the correlation of forces.

But we are usually more interested in effects than in causes. We live for the effect, the enjoyment thereof. It is the rainbow, its phenomenon, as an effect, that interest us; and it is only now and then that a person asks the why of it; nor do we often find one who can tell the cause of it, he not having taken sufficient interest to hold in remembrance the cause of such when advised of it. The same is true of a thousand and one effects that we witness or enjoy. We strive for the effect, and worship it, if we worship at all, throwing aside or disregarding the cause so soon as the effect is obtained. Hence, it is that man is more easily interested in the present than in the past; and if interested at all in the past it is in

the immediate past, as he is in the immediate future, both of which seem to be a part of the present. Few indeed, are they, comparatively speaking, who find delight in delving among the ancient ruins of the great—dead past. There are comparatively few archaeological or paleontological minds. It is the now and the hereafter that interest most of us, rather than what has been. Curiosity, now and then, for a time, looks backward, but only to borrow light from the great historic past.

It is the color, form, and fragrance of the rose that engage our senses and delight us, rather than the cause or causes that operated to produce such. When the former disappears or ceases to exist, we cast the rose aside; for it, as an effect of light, heat, moisture, and the chemical properties of the soil that caused it to be, and which as an effect in time became a source of pleasure to our senses, has ceased to exist. So it is that the beautiful colors of the rainbow at-

tract our attention. It is the charming effect of such that captivates the eye and awakens within the mind a sense of beauty. This wonderful phenomenon may prompt the beholder, after somewhat recovering from its captivating effect, to inquire for the cause of it. But this knowledge, when given, will and does soon fade away, while the effect remains in the memory as a delight and a charm. Again, we stand, gaze, admire, and wonder at the brilliant, magnificent and spell-binding display of the Aurora Borealis, as it appears from time to time as though by special magic. After viewing this wonder awhile, and the mind has recovered somewhat from its ravishing effects, the cause of such awe inspiring manifestations is sought, and if some accepted cause is offered as an explanation, but little effort is made to retain or remember it, so fascinating and engrossing was the effect that the cause thereof is allowed to escape, or is but imperfectly remembered, if at all, while the effect is not

forgotten and its return is awaited with interest. What we have said of these wonderful phenomena is true of the Mirage and other beautiful, engaging, and wonderful appearances in nature, that so appeal to the mind and soul of man through the sense of sight.

But the phenomena here referred to form but one class of effects; and although chaste, beautiful and awe inspiring as most of them are, exciting and appealing to the loftier and more divine attributes of our nature, there are other effects in nature that play upon the mind of man in its various moods, and to which he yields himself a willing captive. These appeal to him through his sense of hearing, and he is again lost in rapture and wonder at nature's wonderful acoustics, as they reach and delight his soul through his sense of hearing.

So, like a divine rival, as it were, come the music of the spheres, the roar of the cataract, the ocean, the thunder, the mad tornado. Then, more gently, come the sighing zephyrs,

the warbling of birds, the hum of insects. Again, he is moved by the whispers of love, accompanied by the sympathizing and touching strains of the harp; or, at the altar, by the majestic notes of the kingly organ, as it pours forth its flood of praise and adoration. From all these and many other sources, his heart and soul is reached and stirred through his sense of hearing. Aye, how manifold and wonderful are the captivating and charming effects that are thus furnished for the spirit of man through the eye and the ear!

Is it strange, then, that the seeing, hearing, and thus enjoying multitude, intoxicated or charmed by such varied delights, finds little time or inclination to seek for causes in the midst of such a variety of bewitching and alluring phenomena and pleasures?

CHRISTMAS TIDE.

Fill the goblet full of pleasure!
Let each heart quaff its full measure!
Christ was born for prince and peasant;
Swell the waves of joy incessant!

List!—the bells from steeples ringing!
Little children carols singing,
Of that star the East adorning;
On that glorious birthday morning!

Strike the harp and sound the cymbal!
Wake the viol and the timbrel!
Laugh—be merry—banish sorrow—
Lightly think thou on the morrow.

Hark! the music—dance ye after!
Glide ye on in mirth and laughter!
Whirl in grace and pretty costume!
Sparkling eyes and cheeks in full bloom!

**Ho! for lap robes, sleigh bells, prancers!
Dash away like brave young lancers!
Speed the moonlit snow-cloud way!
On! proud coursers, dark and bay!**

**Now to feasting—not to folly,
Under boughs of fir and holly,
Lo! the boards so bounteous laden,
Gifts for parents, brother, maiden.**

**Christmas joys of all the brightest,
Hearts at Christmas tide the lightest,
Praise to thee—Almighty Giver,
For the birth of Christ forever.**

STATES AND MOODS OF THE MIND.

A great logician has said that in man there is nothing great but mind. That this is true, no one of ordinary intelligence will deny. Not that all minds are by nature equally great in their perceptive, conceptive, judicial, and reasoning faculties, but that the most important and valuable thing in man, is mind. This is as true of the savage and the barbarian as it is of the most civilized and enlightened. Some may choose to modify this statement by saying that it is true with the exception that the most valuable thing in man is that which is said to be the eternal principle, (the soul,) which, some affirm, is something in man that is separate and distinct from his natural mind. However this may be, it is clear that the view taken by the logician is one psychological rather than

psychical. It is in the former sense that the mind is considered as being the greatest thing in man, without assuming, admitting, or denying, that there is or may be a psychic or eternal principle of life within him.

But our purpose is to call the reader's attention to certain facts that have been observed and experienced concerning this wonderful, this marvelous, this complex something that occupies the brain of man, that differentiates and makes him superior to the brutes of the field.

How often it is said of a person, and even of a community, that he or it is in this or that state or mood of mind; or that his or its mental attitude toward this or that person or thing is of this or that character. Now, what does this imply, if not the fact that the mind is not always in one and the same state or mood? To illustrate. A number of different states form the United States. A person today may be in one of these, then tomorrow in another: a change subjecting

him to different laws and environments. So, too, by way of analogy, the mind is found sometimes in one and then again in another of its various states or moods, according to circumstances. These different states or moods appear in different forms, namely: cheerfulness—despondency—enthusiasm—indifference—benevolence—love—hatred—anger—anticipation—hopefulness—repentance, or faith, etc. Hence it is that we frequently speak of one as being in a state of wretchedness; or despair; or despondency; or in some other state of mind. Now some of these states or moods are agreeable, while others are the reverse, in this sense corresponding to a person's physical or mental condition or circumstances. But there is a difference, fine though it may be and not easily defined, between a state and a mood of mind. A state of mind, it seems, is more deeply seated and fixed, or of a longer growth than one of mood. We never speak of one as being in a mood of despair, but rather in a state of despair. One

may be, and frequently is, in a despondent mood or frame of mind, without being in a state of despondency. In such a case, one may be said, as it were, to be on the border line of the state of such feeling rather than settled within it. The distinction, then, seems to be, that a mood is only a temporary condition of the mind, while a state of mind results from a long continuation of the cause that produces the mood. So, then, a mood may be characterized as semi-acute, while a state may be termed chronic.

Some persons are constitutionally of a moody disposition—as though born in a cloud of gloom—while others are right the reverse—come what will—as though born in a halo of mirth and kissed by the morning sun.

SUPPOSE.

Suppose thou wert a bee, and I were some
sweet flower;
That on my blushing petals thou hadst
lingered many an hour,
A-nestling, dreaming, sipping sweets—in
paradise—my bower,
All hidden from the rude without, thy
senses in my power;
That then, some other bee or bees should
seek those sweets to share,
And I should flirt and mix with them, a-
buzzing in the air,
Inviting them more free to be, on finding
thee elsewhere,
Lest thou might see, and seeing feel, thy
flower false, not fair—
Wouldst thou still sweet my honey find?
Sweeter than any flower?
Or, wouldst thou sicken in thy cell, thinking
my honey sour?

WHERE THE RIVER RAN LOW.

Only a word—where the river ran low,
Slowly away to the meadows below,
But the word remained, and the speaker,
too,
As the stars looked on from their sea of
blue.

Only a touch, on a hand that hung limp,
While light zephyrs played with golden
locks crimp,
But that touch, so manly, so pure, so true,
Tinged lip and cheek—to my soul it flew.

Only a kiss—but I hasten to tell
The holy thrill of that bliss-bound spell,
How a bosom did fall, and rise, and swell
With joy and love that doth yet there
dwell.

Only a promise, made there in the dell,
Where but two hearts beat as the dewdrops
fell,
Yet, the word, the touch, kiss, and promise
true,
Are fixed in my heart, as stars in the blue.

THE ACCIDENTS OF LIFE.

This phrase is full of meaning to a person of years. He reflects but a moment to realize that in many human affairs success or failure may be traced to what is termed, the accidents of life.

How many things occur in one's lifetime that he does not design and cannot foresee, that defeat his hopes, aspirations, or expectations. How often it is said that "if nothing happens," or, "barring all accidents," I shall do this or that thing, or, that this or that will be the result, etc. Thus it is from the cradle to the grave that one of necessity runs the gantlet of accidents. They lurk on either side of one's pathway awaiting his coming and going. He knows not the time nor the place that he may be a victim of such. He knows, however, that they have occurred in

the past and that under like circumstances or conditions they are likely again to happen. So, all that he can do is to guard against them or be prepared for them. The fact that they do take place at times without being so designed by man, that they come unsought, unexpectedly, and without warning, mark them as accidents.

We say that the laws of nature are constant and uniform. And so they are. But they frequently clash with one another, and then the lesser force is compelled by the greater one to halt in its tendency or turn its course that the greater force may pass; just as human beings or animals clash with one another in their desires or opinions until the one or the other yields or both are neutralized, modified, or vanquished by conflict.

There is seemingly no force in the objective world that does not contribute its share in the production of the accidents of life. It is the operation or clashing of

these forces that cause such. Yes, life is full of accidents. They come not regularly, at stated times, as do the sun and the seasons, but rather like the thief in the night, without warning.

To this or that accident may be traced many a lost battle, many a lost opportunity; nay, many a victory has been turned to defeat. To such may be traced many a success as well as many a failure in the affairs of life. By mere accident many a letter has gone astray; many a fatal word has been spoken; many a train has been wrecked or missed, resulting in bitter disappointment or serious loss. To a mere accident may be traced many a grave and many a sorrow; many a tear and many a joy. Thus it is that one's life is not only beset with trials and temptations, but also by these hidden foes that lie in wait for him and from which he cannot always escape.

But it will be noticed that while nature contributes her quota of accidents, the greater

number of those that visit man may be traced directly to his ignorance, negligence, or carelessness. Yes, the life of one here is never free from some pending or awaiting evil or misfortune.

Man is not only a victim of his own ignorance and folly, but also of that of others. Hence, all things considered, the man or woman who has lived the three score years and ten, is a wonder and deserves respectful attention and tender, consideration from the young and vigorous.

ANGELIC BEAUTY.

There's a beauty divine, that the angels
admire,
The keynote of song in the angelic choir;
With a manner as sweet as the notes of a
lyre,
Unadorned by the diamond, the pearl, or
sapphire.

Cosmetics she spurns and vain gaudy attire,
She glows with a radium of holy desire;
All fadeless and deathless—angelic her
fire,—
The sphere of the pure is her sacred em-
pire.

This beauty, tho' rare, e'en the pauper may
share;
She loves either sex or age, homely or fair;
No artist can paint her complexion so rare,
She, Goddess of Purity, daughter of
prayer.

THE SOUL.

Why think of the Soul as a pea in the
pod,
Or as pearl in the oyster that fishermen
rob;
Why speak of thine *ego*, an essence of
God,
As tho 'twere a solid rolled up in a sod?

Soul is Life; it is mind; it is feeling; aye,
and more;
It is something mysterious,—conscious
self,—not of lore;
It is something proud science fails to scan
or explore,
It is God, life eternal, sane mortals adore.

THE END JUSTIFIES THE MEANS.

What is meant by this pompous, this magisterial proposition that is frequently uttered with great gusto, as though it were a sacred maxim and worthy of respectful attention, even though it fails to sustain its high sounding and pretentious character when examined in the light of cultivated reason?

It is not a commonplace, everyday proposition, one of the lighter sort that one hears in the ordinary affairs of life. It is an abstract proposition seeking classification and rank as a fundamental, one that would pose as a maxim or principle upon which to build a doctrine of moral conduct. Now, it is self evident that such a doctrine can be no more just or reasonable than the basic principles upon which it rests. It is also logically clear that there is no proposition greater or

more extensive than one that proclaims a universal fact or truth, whatever the character of such a fact or truth may be, whether it be in matters of science, art, or ethics. And since the proposition that the end justifies the means is set forth as a general one, without exceptions, we must regard it as being applicable to all cases of human conduct. And if it be true, there is no human act that cannot be justified by it. If the end that one seeks is in itself worthy, and this proposition is to be taken literally and without limitation, he will be justified in employing, directly or indirectly, any means whatever for its attainment, no matter how vicious or evil such means may be. There is no crime that he may not commit with impunity so long as that which he would accomplish, when considered independently of the means employed for its attainment, is worthy of approval.

Ah! it is apparent that this is a dangerous proposition to follow in all cases. It is

like some other trite sayings that have assumed rank in many a mind with common axioms and approved maxims, and which, when expressed with an air of authority, fall upon the ear with a force and dignity that for the time being silences doubt. But it is as false as the proposition that "might makes right;" a Machivellian doctrine that flourished during those terrible days of the Spanish Inquisition, to which it may be traced and in which it was exercised with so much fury and cruelty. It is purely Jesuitic and inhuman in its character. Its author and sponsors must have been depraved in mind and tyrants at heart. Any individual, society, state or nation, that gives such a proposition an unqualified and unlimited indorsement should be regarded as barbarous and vicious. And while it may carry with it a halo of right, might, and authority, which may dazzle and confound the ignorant, encourage the vicious, and win their active approval, yet, those capable of thinking justly and humanely will at once reject

it. It has ever been condemned by the wisest and best of men. The casuist may use and approve of it on rare occasions, even as a nation does in times of war, when it slaughters by the wholesale and destroys property in its might of arms that peace may follow. On the same principle and for similar reasons, the knife, the torch, the bomb, or any like means may be used approvingly to remove the tyrant or the oppressor in the name of liberty or for those we love, for the sake of humanity, God, or the Church. If the end justifies the means, the Osler theory, that one should be chloroformed at the age of 60, is a just one. So, too, every idiotic or deformed child that is born should not be allowed to live and suffer, and be a cause of pain and mortification to others.

But are there no cases where the end would seem to justify the means? cases where the heart rebels and weeps while circumstances assent and reason approves? Yes, there seems to be such. But in such cases, one will find

that the means resorted to are not suggested by any other than a loving or noble spirit, and not then, until every other known and available means has been employed and failed. There are cases where even love, mercy, and justice, seem to be cruel or tyrannical. Many of these are to be found in cases of surgery, where the surgeon is permitted and encouraged to cut, bleed, probe, or sever the members of the human body, that the patient may continue to live or be relieved from suffering. The dentist knowingly causes pain that relief may follow. In these cases there is nothing selfish or cruel in the motive, although the means employed may cause suffering for a time. It is the same spirit that prompts the parent to punish the child. It is the same unselfish and un-revengeful spirit that finds it necessary to build the jail, the workhouse, the penitentiary, and other places of confinement for the wrong-doer that society may be preserved and its morals maintained or improved.

But when such are built from any other motive than that prompted by justice, self-preservation, or humanity, and when human beings are confined therein to appease the greed or lust of an individual, community, or nation, then the end cannot possibly justify the means. To the Tower, to the Bastille, to the block, to the scaffold, or into exile, many an innocent person has been sent as a means to gratify some passion or appetite, or some opinion. In such cases, the theory that the end justifies the means was abused and not justly used, and deserved to be condemned. The reader will readily discriminate between a just and an unjust application of this theory. It is a mooted question whether there are not times when a lie may be told as a means of saving the life of an innocent person, or for the purpose of preventing or diverting some great and threatening wrong or evil; when, if the truth were told the death of one innocent, or some dire calamity would follow. In such

cases the voice of casuistry is heard in the heart directing that the question of right or wrong be referred to the conscience for a decision, and by it to abide, even though it be in violation of the laws of his country. But the objection to this doctrine, like the one under consideration, is, that it is so delicate in its nature and so liable to be misunderstood, abused, or misapplied, that it cannot be safely employed or endorsed. I suppose that when the disciples plucked the corn to appease their hunger, they knowingly took that which did not belong to them, but did so believing that the end justified the means; that when Jesus drove the money-changers out of the temple, He did what He knew was a rude or illegal act, yet an act to be approved on the same theory; also, when He healed on the Sabbath day, His real excuse or plea being that the end justified the means. And so case after case of a similar nature can be cited.

However, although the doctrine that "the end justifies the means," and its ally that

"might makes right," as well as the doctrine of casuistry, have been and are more or less approved and practiced by individuals and nations, and although proof can be furnished from sacred and secular history of the exercise and approval of such by those whom the world esteems as authority, yet, the truth is that they are dangerous doctrines or propositions, and should be allowed no place in the curriculum of ethics.

The white lie, the society lie, and the diplomatic lie, that pass current so flippantly and without censure in our fashionable and diplomatic circles, are as base and wanton as any other lie, and are not to be justified by any law of necessity.

THOUGHT.

If thought is the product of thinking,
As one thinks so the product will be;
If the product with falsehood is reeking,
There a knave or a fool one may see.

But thought is not mere comprehension,
Nor the seeing or hearing of things;
It is more than dispute or contention,
From reflection and reason it springs.

When Newton the apple saw falling,
In thought straight the apple he caught;
His reflection on reason went calling,
So the law of the spheres to him brought.

But thought has a sister in feeling,
As oft in the product is seen,
With a passion so strong in appealing,
That reason uncrowned oft has been.

With her heart and her arts thus assailing
Stern reason and justice to sway,
Oft sits she in product availing,
With reason dethroned and at bay.

LIFE'S PARADOX.

I think betimes as you have thought,
About grave things in books long taught;
About the *why* and the *how* of things,
How Life from Death, eternal springs.

How things began, how things will end,
And try to make cross reasons blend;
That heart and soul may find relief
From doubt that springs from blind belief.

Poor Heart! poor Soul! why searching go
In quest of what ye may not know?
How things began—how things will end—
God only knows, men but pretend.

Despairing doubt doth him involve,
Who seek's Life's Paradox to solve;
Far better then to hope and love,
And trust all else to him above.

THE DESIGN AND BUTTERFLY ARGUMENTS.

Whether there is or not a Supreme Being, a God, who created all things—regulates all things—knows all things—and who controls the life and destiny of all things; and, whether there is or not in man that which lives forever, that which is termed his immortal self, said to be his soul, are serious questions.

With these two great questions, the most learned and astute intellects that the world has ever known have long and desperately struggled. Some of these great minds have concluded that there is such a Being. They have also concluded that man is immortal, that he has a life beyond the grave. Other minds, equally great, after a candid and thorough investigation and a sincere consideration of both questions, have arrived at nega-

tive conclusions. Both, the pros and the cons to these vital questions, have pointed to what they regard as being good and sufficient proof and reason for the truth or probability of their opposing views.

Now, there is, or there is not, a God. Man is, or he is not, immortal. If there is no God, and if man is not immortal, neither desire, assertion, nor argument, can create such. Whatever is, is. Things are as they are, whether we would have them so or not; or whether we are able to recognize them as being so, or not.

THE DESIGN ARGUMENT.

Now, as to the first proposition, it is maintained on the one side, that there is a Supreme, a self-existent Being—a God, residing outside of nature and independent thereof; that nature and all things created are only manifestations of his power and wisdom. Again, it is maintained, aside from what the Bible teaches, that nature furnishes suffi-

cient proof to support and warrant a belief in the truth of this proposition. It is claimed, that in nature there is to be seen the evidence of design, plan, purpose, which would not and could not appear were it not the result of a master mind, a Supreme Intelligence. Yes, it is asserted, that everywhere in nature one finds evidence of design; that there, one sees order, regularity, uniformity, and adaptation of means to an end, which cannot be accounted for except upon the ground that back of all, prior to all, beneath all, above all, permeating all, subsequent to all, superior to all, supreme and eternal to all, there was, and there is, a God. Hence, it is held that this is not a world of chance, but a world of design, a God made world. So, in nature, is found what is termed The Design Argument, which, it is asserted, strongly reenforces and corroborates the teachings of the Bible; namely, that there is a God. The force and beauty of this argument is to be found in Bishop Paley's work entitled,

Paley's Natural Theology. This species of argument is termed an *a posteriori*, one that proceeds or reasons from an effect or effects back to the cause or causes of such.

THE BUTTERFLY ARGUMENT.

As to whether there is anything in man that is immortal, anything that at the death of the body parts company with it and takes on here, or somewhere else above the clouds, another and immortal form, is yet, in many a bright, learned, well-balanced, and candid mind, a mooted question.

Assuming that there is a God, some ask: What assurance have we, other than that of faith, that there is anything that lives on—and on—and on—that never dies, that is immortal? If with the death of the body, (which we embalm, cremate, or lay away in the tomb,) that which we call mind, or spirit, dies with it, how is there anything left to live on, and manifest itself, in any other form?

By our senses we know that things exist,

and appear to us for a time, in this or that form, and then, either by slow or rapid stages, decline and decay, go to pieces and die, ceasing, apparently, to exist. In our desire and grief we turn to science or philosophy for comfort. But science cannot go beyond the reach of the five senses. Grief stricken, we stand at the grave of departed love and ask proud science, monarch of the 20th century, to tell us whence came the life principle that animated the clay, and, now that it has departed, whither has it gone? To this question, tearfully asked, science hangs her proud and lofty head in silence, as she points to mystery seated on her throne in the clouds of faith. Emerson, America's proud philosopher, standing by and moved by pity to give consolation, whispers to the weeping, half-doubting, and longing heart, words of philosophy from the cold and tearless throne of reason. Hear him: "The fact that I am, but know not how it is that I am, causes me to believe that I may exist in some

form or other beyond the grave." These words remind the weeping heart of the words of St. Paul, viz: "Faith is the substance of things hoped for, the evidence of things not seen." And so the grief stricken heart is left to cling to hope and faith and look to the cross for complete assurance and consolation.

However, learned and devout believers in the doctrine of a future life, have sought to find, outside of the teachings of Christ and the Bible, corroborative evidence of the assurances therein taught of a higher life. This they claim to have found in Nature. Thus, the learned and renowned Bishop Butler, in his analogies, points to the evolution of the butterfly. He notes that there is first the egg, which hatches the worm or caterpillar, which afterwards finds death in the form or tomb of the cocoon, from which finally emerges the beautifully winged butterfly. So, by way of analogy, he infers and argues that within the body of man there is, somehow and somewhere, that which comes

forth at the death of the body and manifests itself in a higher and more beautiful life, even as does the butterfly, from the crawling worm or caterpillar, buried for a time in its tomb, the cocoon.

This is, perhaps, one of the most forcible and beautiful arguments that has ever been drawn from analogy in favor of a future life. Oh! yes, it does seem, aside from desire, or anything taught in holy writ, that the greater weight of evidence and sound argument points to the existence of a Supreme Being, and a life of some sort, beyond the tomb.

There are moments in our lives when angels of light seem to visit us, and, lifting us above the wild distractions of earth to a calmer sphere, there whisper to us of a better, a holier place, where the sordid passions of gain and greed are not known, and where all is as one endless, happy dream.

WAITING.

Waiting,—still waiting,—
How many that wait,
Hoping, and longing,
As never too late;
Waiting and hoping and longing to be
Something—from doubting and care to be
free!

Waiting, and looking
To see the sun set;
Shadows are lengthening,
Why comes he not yet?
Thus thinks the maiden, and softly the sigh
Serves as an echo responsive to—"Why?"

Waiting and trusting
His plans may mature;
Lavish with labor
Success to ensure;
Thus waits the youth as he looks with
delight
On the picture bright in the distant light.

Waiting and sighing
O'er life's bitter cup;
Hope, almost dying
While drinking it up;
Deeming the pleasures of earth but a dream
The weary are anxious to end the scene.

Waiting and anxious
From earth to be free,
Leaving to others
Life's mutable sea;
Vainly regretting the joys that are fled,
And longing for rest—with the quiet dead.

Many, thus waiting,
Restlessly waiting
For Death's slow approach,
Life almost hating;
As, weeping for those who have gone
before,
They wait to pass to the opposite shore.—

We too are waiting—
Waiting for what?
Sunshine and shadow
Shall both be our lot;
So let us, enjoying the sunshine, wait
For shadows that never can come too late.

LAW, A FRIEND OR FOE.

This little word of only three letters represents that which is supreme, that which rules the universe. There is law, yes, imperious law, everywhere, unseen though it be, save in its effects. And to it, man must submit or suffer the consequences of his ignorance or opposition. If he respects its irresistible and irrepensible nature, if he acts in harmony with it, then he finds in it a friend; but if he ignores or heeds it not, then it becomes at once his enemy, and inflicts upon him penalties that are more or less severe. This certainty he learns from observation and experience, a certainty that commands his respect and confidence. Yes, self important, haughty man, knows by experience that he cannot trifle with the laws

of nature with impunity. He may fume and spume, or revile, but this will avail him naught, for the laws of nature will not change nor adjust themselves to his plans or wishes. He is born a subject, Nature is ever his queen. He *must* adjust his life, plans, and actions, so that they will not conflict with her laws, otherwise failure or penalties are sure to follow.

But these are not the only laws to which man is subject. Men make laws. So, he is not only subject to the laws of the universe but to those made by man. But how imperfect and unreliable are the latter in comparison with the former. Nature is honest, sincere, impartial, constant, and uniform. Her laws are practically the same yesterday, today, and forever; while those of man, like himself, are prone to be insincere, fickle, partial, and inconstant. Hence, we find him not only in conflict or trouble with the laws of nature, but especially so with those of his own making.

But what is law? what is this something that we are subject to, about which we read and hear so much, and that so many of us fear but know so little about? Well, this something, this force in Nature that we call law, but cannot see, is nothing more nor less than the manner—the way—the mode—in which she exists and acts in her various departments. In the vegetable department, the rigid forces or laws of heat, light, and moisture, acting in conjunction with the chemical properties of the soil, bring forth fruits, flowers, and the different foods which nourish and help to sustain animal life. In the animal department we find other forces, or a set of laws, producing bone, blood, brain, and muscle, etc. In the mineral department, still another set of laws, fashioning gems, crystals, gold, silver, and ores of various kinds, etc. Thus, in the three great, grand divisions of nature, law is supreme. There, it rules more absolutely than any monarch ever ruled his subjects. There everything is definite,

and ever at work according to fixed and irreversible rules, whether man so comprehends it or not. This being so, is it any wonder that we respect and place implicit confidence in her laws, and seek to know them? They, unlike man made laws, are never subject to repeal or modification; there, they operate year after year, and for all time, affecting all alike, the rich and the poor, the high and the low. Were it not so, were it not for this certainty, this impartiality, uniformity, and constancy of force and action in the material world, of which man in a certain sense is a part, and upon which his life depends, all would be chaotic, and he would be well nigh crazy. If at times water were to run up-hill and then down, if it had a volition of its own, and could and did run whichever way it might choose; if corn when planted produced potatoes; if heat did not always melt solids; if it did not always expand and cold always contract bodies, as is now the case, and ever has been, and in all probability ever will

be; in short, if like did not always produce like, as it now does by a fixed law of nature, and if nature's other laws were changeable, what a chaotic, crazy world this would be. One has only to pause and reflect for a moment to appreciate the definite, permanent, and uniform manner in which nature operates.

Yes, by observation and experience we know that *every effect has and must have an adequate cause*; that this great relation between an effect and its cause has always been its law; that upon this law man can and does rely, that upon it he acts, plans, and operates in the world of matter with an assurance that never disappoints him. Again, we know that *light always moves from its source in a straight line*, that from this line it never deviates, unless it be deflected therefrom by some object or obstruction in its pathway; we know that this is its law—a law of light. Then, again, we know that there is the great law of *gravitation*, and the one more general, known as the law of *attraction*, both of

which being of the same nature have kept the planets or spheres in their appointed orbits ever since their Creator set them in motion.

These laws, and their associates, so wonderful in themselves, are beyond the comprehension of man. He only knows that they exist and how they operate. These laws or certainties in the domain of nature, have made it possible for man to perform the many wonders or achievements that mark his past and present existence on earth. The quantities, qualities, and properties of matter, with their various affinities, were here long before his advent with his mathematics and instruments to measure them; long before he came with his laboratories to analyze and ascertain the various elements of matter and their affinities for one another, a knowledge that has enabled him to form so many compounds for art, commercial, or medicinal purposes.

Yes, as we have stated, the various laws of nature are uniform and unchangeable;

when once known they are known forever. They are the same today in all parts of the world as they were when first enacted or created by the Great Unknown. The same sixty or seventy distinct elements in nature that man has discovered since his advent upon the earth have always existed. Nature is a great encyclopedia of rigid law—supreme law; of laws not made by man, but for him to discover. Man, as we know, cannot create anything, he can only detect what has been created by his Maker, and manipulate, use, or combine the same for his benefit, amusement, or gratification. He perceives that nature is neither moody nor tricky, that she has neither appetites nor passions to gratify or appease; that she is at all times reliable. He perceives the beauty and regularity in which come and go the seasons; with what dignity, regularity, and uniformity, the sun, king of the orbs and king of the day, pursues his course and performs his benign work. Ah! what a serene and varied unit is nature!

How exact and true she is in all her different operations! What a school! what a college! what a university! what a teacher! True, Nature evolves, but then her evolutions are gradual as well as regular, uniform, and constant. In her we see the laws of life, development, decay, and death, and the more wonderful law of constant reproduction or regeneration. This is her evolution. In this sense, nature is one grand unit of evolution, ever subject, however, to immutable laws or forces.

But man, with his various appetites and passions to gratify or appease, with his moody, fickle, and tricky nature, makes laws. And as he is, so are his laws. Some of these, framed and passed in his wisdom and finer sense of justice and the fitness of things, receive the smile and approval of truth, while others evoke her blush of shame, her censure and condemnation. Yes, in man made laws we see his head and his heart, his sense of right and wrong, his ignorance or wisdom,

his sense of justice. Thus, as the laws of nature and her wonderful and admirable manifestations reflect the wisdom, goodness, power, justice, and unchangeable character of the First Great Cause, the Supreme Being, so, too, the laws of man reflect his ignorance, knowledge, moods, and his Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde nature. In them and the manner in which they are enforced, we find his place and rank in the scale of civilization, progress, education and refinement, as well as his views and attitude concerning the great questions of theology and religion.

MAN-MADE LAWS.

Man is a great law-maker, and a great law-breaker. Being a mixture of evil and good, with appetites and passions that fluctuate and decay, with affections and aspirations for this or that, he is easily swayed by his avarice, his love of power, place, praise, or fortune; hence we find him sanctioning or seeking to make laws or to change those

already in operation, so that they may favor his good or evil designs. He knows that the laws of nature cannot be broken with impunity, but that those of his own making can be and frequently are so broken. Hence, according to the nature of his moods, views, or desires, his laws are ever a mixture of good and evil. Some of them bear the sanction and seal of justice, while others reflect his cunning, selfishness, or greed. Some of them are enacted in the spirit of justice, while others indicate the work of an evil genius. Some are framed and enacted to be actually enforced, while others are intentionally so framed as to be easily evaded, or with loop-holes in them for the vicious to escape from any sting that may be attached to their violation. Too many laws have been enacted on the principle that "might makes right," rather than upon the eternal principles of justice and equality. Hence it is, that one often finds in man-made laws an exemplification of the saying of Pope, that

**"Man's inhumanity to man makes
countless millions mourn."**

But the evils here spoken of are not always to be traced to those who enact laws, but frequently to those who are appointed, or elected by the people, to interpret, construe, or enforce the same. 'Tis a pity, but 'tis true, that frequently incompetent or corrupt individuals are placed upon the bench, and there, from ignorance, prejudice or corrupt motives, serve his satanic majesty rather than the people and justice. Ancient as well as modern history is replete with such instances. Again, this incompetency, prejudice, partiality or corruption, so frequently seen sitting on the bench, is often characteristic of those whose executive duty it is to see that the laws are observed or enforced with impartiality.

To the three evils above mentioned, may be traced, to a great extent, the beginning, rise, and rapid growth of the organized spirit of Socialism that seems today to have taken

such a firm root in America and European countries with its many bold and brilliant crusaders.

It is to be observed that the laws of nature are few compared to those made by man; that she is not so moody or changeable, that conditions in the natural world are more stable; while in human affairs conditions are constantly changing, thus requiring new adjustments; hence new laws or rules of conduct are required to meet such. It is therefore necessary that old laws or rules of action be repealed, modified, or entirely set aside, and that new ones, more in harmony with new conditions or order of things, be made to take the place of the old.

From childhood to old age one hears it said, "you must *not* do this, and you must *not* do that;" or, "you *must* do this and you *must* do that," etc. Or, again, "you *may* do this or that thing, but you *must* do it in this or that manner, or at such a time or place."

Now the words *may* and *must*, in the above sense, imply power or law. All that law does or can do is to prohibit the doing of an act, or command that certain acts shall be done, or permit certain acts to be done in a certain manner, or at a certain time or place, with added penalties for disobedience. This is law. This is what makes it possible for men and women to live together in a state of society. So, the laws of man are as numerous as are the different interests, views, or conditions of society.

THE STING OF LAW.

That which is called the penalty of a law is its *sting*. This is the only thing in any law that man fears. Few indeed are those who obey a law that interferes with their pleasure or interests from any love for it. Love and duty, when left alone with the appetites and passions, are more prone to yield to seductive influences than they are when chided or threatened by a sense

of law that springs from a knowledge of the *sting* that may follow the breaking of it. It is this *fear* of the *sting* that restrains men and holds society together.

Take away the *sting* and the whole social fabric falls.

This sting of the law has many forms. Sometimes it manifests itself in taking from the law-breaker his property, his liberty, or his life. Again, we say, it is the *sting* of the law, or the penalties attached thereto that gives it its force or effect and causes man to respect or fear it. Again, its *sting* or penalty is just or unjust, as it is in proportion to the injury inflicted by an act to persons or society against whom such may be committed.

But it is not the purpose of this essay to enter the wide and intricate domains of law and there point out particular instances of the truths above stated. All that we have attempted to do has been to call the reader's attention to the net-work of law with-

in whose folds he is, from birth to death, a subject; and note in a general way the stability of the laws of nature, and the uncertain and fluctuating character of those made by man.

Of Law, the learned Richard Hooker fittingly says:

"There can be no less acknowledged, than that her seat is the bosom of God—her voice the harmony of the world: all things in heaven and earth do her homage, the very least as feeling her care and the greatest as not exempted from her power."

PAT AND I.

Then we loved each other much,
Pat and I;
When we worked upon the farm,
Pat and I;
Then we loved the hoe and rake,
And the ax that drove the stake,
Loved our mother's pie and cake,
Pat and I.

Then we loved our sister Kate,
Pat and I;
Loved the Christ that in her spake,
Pat and I;
Oh! the songs she used to sing
Made the air about us ring,
To our eyes the tears did bring,
Pat and I.





Then we heard our father's voice,
Pat and I;
And obeyed it out of choice,
Pat and I;
We were true and we were strong,
Sought to keep away from wrong,
And our honest lives prolong,
Pat and I.

But there came a time to us,
Pat and I;
When we thought the hoe a curse,
Pat and I;
For we'd heard or read in books,
That it didn't become our looks,
To work in fields or dig in brooks,
Pat and I.

So we left our mother dear,
Pat and I;
Left her sobbing, all in tears,
Pat and I;

Heard amid those sobs, a prayer,
Heard her whisper—"O God! spare
My dear boys from Satan's snare"—
Pat and I.

* * *

Now we live in Joliet,
Pat and I;
Long's the time before us yet,
Pat and I;
Mother's dead, and sister's dying,
Father's all the time a-crying,
And we both are always sighing,
Pat and I.

Oh! we would our lives renew,
Pat and I;
Better ways we would pursue,
Pat and I;
We would live as mother taught us,
Spurn the evil that here brought us,
Love the hoe, and Christ who sought us,
Pat and I.

THE FINAL HOUR.

What pleasure is there in the final hour,
Those long—sad notes—that fall from
 . belfry tower?
Oft comes the thought that naught but
 sadness brings,
That starts the tear,—the thought of dying
 stings.

Sad thought, 'tis best not with thee long
 to dwell,
Best not to listen long to tolling bell;
And yet, 'twere well to note the while, O
 heart!
Yon bell shall toll for thee—all here must
 part.

Oh final Hour! sad, solemn hour of grief,
From which no power on earth can give
 relief;
Few here, indeed, are glad to welcome thee,
From thy stern face, in vain, we seek to flee.

